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## THE REAL KAISER



# THE REAL KAISER

*An Illuminating Study*

NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY  
1914

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BY ANDREW MELROSE

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE personality of the Kaiser is so many-sided that his true psychology is very difficult to discover by the ordinary newspaper reader, who, for twenty years, has taken at face value every one of his numerous speeches without remembering the one that preceded it. Since the war broke out, extracts from these speeches have been presented to the public, with the effect of entirely bewildering the large class who have intelligence, but have no specialised knowledge of Germany and her ruler. To them, modern Germany, with her dreams of world-domination, as it is now made known, is an entire contradiction of all their preconceived views of the peaceful domestic nature of the German people, and the Kaiser is a dozen different men in one body. Yet the careful student of things and persons German for the past quarter of a century finds himself in no amazement about the war and its conduct by Germany, and to him the Kaiser as the Peace-bringer, the "shorter catechist," and the war lord, not to speak of the painter and the musician, show one strong personality and purpose underlying each exaggerated manifestation.

The author of the following pages has had exceptional opportunities to study his subject at close quarters, and he presents here an attempt at an all-round

## *Publishers' Note*

view of the Kaiser which shall enable an ordinary reader at least to understand the man who could have declared for peace and ensured it, and who in a fateful hour decreed war and is now struggling through seas of blood towards a goal that, day by day, is receding from him.

After some hesitation, the author has decided to remain anonymous. This is not because he has any reason to be ashamed of his name, or wants to give the impression that he is somebody of very great importance. His reason is simply that his intimate relations with people in Germany would make it inconvenient for them and for him were he to be known as the author of this pen-portrait of the Real Kaiser.

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## THE REAL KAISER



## CHAPTER I

### WHO IS THE KAISER?

"Who is this Kaiser? I can find no name for him, unless it be Legion."—*Prince Czartoriski to the Galician Diet in 1901.*

"Who is this Kaiser?"

I heard the question asked, in tones of surprise, by a pretty, well-dressed woman in an omnibus. She had been reading in an evening paper the Kaiser's order to his army to annihilate "the contemptible British," and her amazement forced the question from her.

From her male companion the answer came pat, "Oh, he is just the Emperor of Germany."

Quite wrong, of course, but quite typical of the current British conception of the most notorious of living human beings.

He is not the Emperor of Germany, though ninety-nine out of every hundred Britons say quite loosely that he is.

From time to time he has been obtruded upon their notice, each time in a different capacity. They have altered their conception of him a hundred times. Only one facet of his many-sided

character has been exposed to them at one time. They have failed to understand his complexity of character, just as they have chosen to ignore the complex problems of the young Empire which has grown into so amazing a power under his guidance.

He amused them when he came to the throne. They sensed him as a loquacious young man with an untiring energy. Then he was presented to them as the young fool who summarily dismissed his greatest statesman, the iron Chancellor, Bismarck, who had made the German Empire.

Sir John Tenniel's cartoon in *Punch*, "Dropping the Pilot," hit the British imagination. They saw the Kaiser as a rash youth, who would presently repent his folly most bitterly. They got quite sorry for the Kaiser.

That was followed by the sort of patronising liking that good Britons conceive for interesting foreigners. He was always doing and saying things that amused them. He called Queen Victoria "Grandmamma," in a public speech, and they rather liked that. They recalled the fact that he was the son of a popular British princess, and half an Englishman.

They saw him and admired his appearance.



Every inch a king was this young German Kaiser. The atmosphere of sausage and saurkraut was dissipated, and he ceased to be a comic figure.

Great Britain was then ruled by a Queen who was an aged and venerable personality. The Victorian age had passed, with its rather stuffy ideals and cramped atmosphere of suppression, but Queen Victoria still survived. A large section of the people of this country rather envied Germany its dashing young monarch. He was a "goer," to use a current phrase.

At this epoch, the Kaiser developed the habit of sending telegrams, and the great British nation discovered with surprise that the young man was not friendly. The culminating telegram to President Kruger revealed him in the light of an impudent busybody. Far too much of the Kaiser, was the verdict of our enlightened race.

King Edward came to the throne, and we began to think much better of France. Our old traditional enemies had become in some mysterious way our best friends. We no longer envied Germany the Kaiser; we had a go-ahead monarch of our own.

But the Kaiser continued to mix himself in our

affairs in a most aggravating way. We discovered that, while we were not looking, he had actually been picking up colonies. An island here, a tract of useless country there, a naval station somewhere else. Germany a colonising race! How absurd. Of course, every one knew that no country but our own really knew anything about colonising. It was all that meddling Kaiser.

Another surprise came when Mr. Chamberlain announced that Germany had become quite a formidable trade rival. "Made in Germany" had been a term of contempt. It meant bad imitations of Sheffield cutlery and Birmingham guns. Knives that would not cut, and weapons with gaspipe barrels. If the Tariff Reform campaign served no other end, it awakened the great British people to the knowledge of the fact that in many respects the German manufacturer could turn out goods that competed with British wares in the open market, and beat them. In this the hand of the Kaiser was also apparent. The Kaiser was becoming a nuisance.

The Kaiser began to build a big fleet. He said openly that Germany intended "to grasp the Trident." Britain's undisputed title of

Mistress of the Seas was to be assailed. What impudence! The Kaiser could never do it. "Master of the Seize" was about his mark. Everybody knew that Germans were not good sailors, and Britons were.

But the question became an urgent one. The half-penny papers took it up, and people began to talk about Dreadnoughts and the "Two-power standard." They attended public meetings and shouted "We want eight, and we won't wait." They thought they began to understand the Kaiser now; but he should not have it all his own way.

Somebody recalled the fact that Germany had been for fifty years the first military power in the world. She could put into the field an army ten times as strong as the British army. The German soldier was better equipped and better trained than the British. We began to talk of the German peril.

The Kaiser loomed on the British mind as a sinister figure, the monarch of the mailed fist. Something had to be done; it might even be necessary to do something soon. Lord Roberts had decided views, and advocated conscription in a series of speeches and letters which invariably appeared in prominent places in the half-

penny papers under the heading: "Lord Roberts' Grave Warning." At first they rather spoiled the Briton's matutinal rasher. But Lord Milner was issuing "grave warnings" at the time about South Africa, and Lord Cromer was also issuing "grave warnings" about Egypt. The headline became a convenient mark to a column of unpleasant reading matter that could be judiciously skipped.

But something had to be done. Lord Haldane invented the Territorials, and Baden Powell contrived the Boy Scouts. Mr. Winston Churchill took charge of the Admiralty, and we devised the Super-Dreadnought. The Britain paid his income tax with the comfortable feeling that we were now ready for the Kaiser, whatever he might choose to say or do next.

Finally, on a beautiful Bank Holiday, when the nation had just prepared to knock off serious work for a month or two, the amazing thing happened. The Kaiser threw down the gauntlet to the whole of Europe. It was not a gigantic bluff after all. Incredible!

One good thing about it, though; we knew where we were with the Kaiser at last. He was mad, and worse than mad. He was an inhuman monster, who urged on his troops to unheard

brutalities. A greasy, blasphemous hypocrite, who called on God to assist him in his designs, and impiously attributed to the Almighty the initial success that crowned his arms.

The Mad-dog Kaiser!

But, from the time that he came to the throne to the present moment, the British people has never had more than an inkling of the ideals, the personality, the character, and the potentialities of the real Kaiser. Their conception is still as inaccurate as the description of his position given by the man in the 'bus, "The Emperor of Germany."

Who, then, is this Kaiser?

He is the hereditary King of Prussia, and German Emperor.

In the latter capacity his powers are defined by a constitution promulgated as recently as the year 1871, years after he was born. He is the third German Emperor, having been preceded by his grandfather, Wilhelm I, and by his father, Frederick, who died of a painful throat disease after a reign of only three months.

As German Emperor, he has wide powers over a nation created by the union of a number of Kingdoms, Grand Duchies, Duchies, and Principalities. He can declare a defensive war

in the name of this Empire, and he can make peace. He personally appoints his own ambassadors. He also appoints the ministers of the Empire.

Legislation for the German Empire is nominally assigned to a Parliament of two Houses of Legislature. The Upper House, which corresponds in many of its features to our own House of Lords, is called the Bundesrat. It consists of only sixty-one members, who are nominated for a term of five years by the different constituent Kingdoms, Duchies, and Principalities of the Empire, the number assigned to each division being in proportion to its size and importance in the Empire.

The Lower House, or Reichstag, bears some similarity to our own House of Commons. It consists of 397 members, assigned to the constituent units of the Empire in due proportion, and elected by popular franchise for a term of five years.

The Kaiser appoints his own ministers. They do not form a cabinet, as in Great Britain, working hand-in-hand and jointly responsible to a Parliament elected by the people. They administer their departments independently of

one another, though there is a sort of control exercised over all by the Chancellor of the Empire: he is the Kaiser's right-hand man. He alone is responsible to the Parliament, and the exact degree of his responsibility is undetermined. The tendency of recent chancellors has been to dispute anything but a theoretical responsibility. The Chancellor presides over the sitting of the Bundesrat, or Upper House of Parliament.

To become law, a measure must be passed by an absolute majority of both Houses. It must then be promulgated by the Kaiser. The Ministry has the power to initiate legislation, which Parliament may amend or even reject. In Great Britain, if Parliament rejected a ministerial measure there would be a change of government, and possibly an election. In Germany nothing happens, unless the Kaiser should choose to prorogue Parliament, which must again be assembled within thirty days. Or he may even dissolve it, when a new election must be held within sixty days, and a fresh session within ninety days.

Any party or any private member may also initiate legislature. It may pass both Houses,

but in that case it cannot become law unless the Kaiser chooses to promulgate it. In the case of the Kaiser's refusal, nothing happens.

In theory, the Kaiser and the people's representatives have equal powers in initiating and blocking legislature. In practice it does not work out equally at all. If the Reichstag checks the Kaiser's laws, it is probably dissolved, and there is a fresh Parliament. If the Kaiser blocks a party measure, nothing can be done about it. The end of it is that the Kaiser, through his ministers, proposes the laws of Germany, which Parliament at most can criticise and amend.

When the King of England is going to make a speech, the fact is known to his ministers, who are responsible to the people of the country. The speech is prepared for him, and countersigned by a responsible minister, usually the Prime Minister himself. Nobody knows when the Kaiser is going to make a speech; not even the Kaiser himself sometimes. Yet, when he speaks, he speaks in the name of the German Empire.

When Great Britain makes war, as we have recently seen, there is a meeting of Parliament, and the Foreign Minister explains the necessity



of so grave a step. He describes in detail the negotiations which led to such a position, so that every citizen of the British Empire may be as fully in possession of the facts as himself and his colleagues. It is possible that, in the future, even the secret negotiations which precede a declaration of war will be made public as they proceed, so that Britons may be fully informed of the causes of dispute as it proceeds.

The Kaiser simply declares war, and the German people have to take his word for it that it is a *defensive* war.

It will be plain, from this brief outline of the powers possessed by the Kaiser, that he wields an enormous power, compared with which the powers possessed by an English constitutional monarch are as nothing. The looseness of the German Imperial constitution makes it possible for these powers to be pushed to the verge of absolute autocracy.

The power wielded by Wilhelm I was as nothing to the power in the hands of the Kaiser to-day. Then Germany was a poor but warlike nation, struggling through battle and aggression into a national existence.

## CHAPTER II

### THE KAISER'S INHERITANCE

"I take all life for my province."—*The Kaiser's Motto.*

THE first picture we have of William II is that of a pale-faced flaxen-haired youngster of five, who distinguished himself at the wedding of his uncle, afterwards King Edward VII. His capacity for mischief was already very considerable, and Bishop Wilberforce relates that he was handed over to the Dukes of Connaught and Edinburgh, who were asked to keep him in order. After a little trouble he relapsed into a suspicious quiet, which was followed by smothered exclamations of pain. He had crept under a chair and bitten both his uncles severely in the calves of their legs.

The Duke of Argyll, who saw him on the same occasion, formed a high opinion of his spirit and ability. "William will be the cleverest King of Prussia since Frederick the Great," he wrote. But the Duke had not been bitten in the calf of the leg.

He was the first of the Hohenzollerns to be

educated at the ordinary German public school, being sent to the "gymnasium" at Cassel, at the express wish of his grandfather, the great Kaiser. This step caused much criticism on the part of the old Prussian nobility, who disapproved of it entirely. They blamed his English mother, who was the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, for this, as for everything about the Court of which they did not approve. As a matter of fact, she had no more to do with it than any one else, the idea being entirely that of the Emperor.

At school William fared as the other boys, doing his tasks and having to submit to the same discipline as the rest. His clothing was purposely of the very plainest, so that there should be no undue distinction between him and the rest of the boys, many of whom belonged to the burgher class. There are many stout German citizens to-day who can tell you they went to school with the Kaiser; so many, in fact, that one is forced to the conclusion that it was a very large as well as a very famous gymnasium at Cassel.

From the university he went to the army, where two circumstances militated against him. The first was a physical deformity, which has af-

flicted him from birth; his left arm is shorter than his right, and his left hand is withered. This misfortune was always a topic of conversation in Junkerdom, and was blamed, like many other things, upon the "Englishwoman." Constant treatment by massage, and the best medical science, could avail nothing to restore the use of the left hand, and the disadvantage to a young man in a cavalry regiment may well be imagined.

That initial disadvantage he overcame by sheer pluck and hard work, by dint of enthusiasm and grit. He made a splendid soldier, as his tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, records. He learned to ride wonderfully well for a man deprived of the use of one hand, and in all other branches of the profession of arms strove to excel by virtue of application and genuine liking. The young William was no feather-bed soldier, and extorted the unwilling admiration of his brothers in arms by the readiness with which he tackled the least pleasant of his military duties.

It was unwilling admiration, because the legend of the Englishwoman had followed him to the army. He was suspected of being more English than German, just as his father was always suspected by the military caste of being

completely under the thumb of his English wife. William never missed an opportunity for breaking down this idea about himself.

On his return to his regiment after a visit to England he announced himself a pronounced Anglophobe, and continually inveighed, in season and out, against England, Englishmen, and English ways. One day, on return to barracks after duty, his nose began to bleed.

“What’s the matter?” asked a comrade.

“That, thank God,” said William, “is the last drop of English blood draining out of my system.”

The same consistent policy of Anglophobia obtained for him a wide popularity while yet his father stood between him and the inheritance of the throne. To him the aristocracy looked to thwart the hated Englishwoman, and the Press and people of Germany learned to acclaim his attitude easily enough. The hopes of Germany were fixed, not on the Crown Prince, but on the son of the Crown Prince.

It is doubtful if the unpopularity of the lady who was afterwards the Empress Frederick has ever been measured in this country. Her name is still received with a growl by any old German who hears it mentioned. She was hated the

more because she was so often right. "A harbinger of culture in a race of savages," Maximilian Harden has called her.

But she ran counter to all the pre-conceived German ideas of the place of a woman in the realm. "I was sorry for the poor woman," said Bismarck, when reproached for his share in the sorry treatment accorded to her, "but a gentlewoman who dabbles in politics herself forgoes her rights as a gentlewoman." For his share in the persecution of the Empress, retribution was to overtake the Iron Chancellor, just as retribution has overtaken William for his treatment of his parents. Bismarck even appealed to his victim to mediate between him and her son, but was sorrowfully told that would be vain.

The crowning offence of the Empress Frederick was the summoning of a British doctor to attend her husband in his fatal illness. The dissatisfaction of the German people is easily understood. German physicians, then as now, stood at the very summit of their profession. Medical teaching and medical practice in Germany were held to be in advance of the rest of the world. The Germans resented the British

doctor being called in, and one must admit, the resentment was just.

If the Queen of England were a German woman, German in sympathy, German in ideas, a zealous propagandist of German customs, and surrounded herself with Germans, she would not be a popular queen. If her husband were mortally ill, and she summoned a German physician to his bedside, refusing all British doctors access to him, she would incur the detestation of this people. She would be saddled with part of the blame for his death, as the Empress Frederick was saddled. The parallel is so far from being an extravagant one that it falls short of the actual facts.

The circumstance of the Empress's wide unpopularity saved William from the reprobation he deserved for his conduct after the death of his father. Time has dulled the sense of shock which followed the announcement of it in this country, but recent events have recalled the callous and unfilial behaviour of the young Emperor. While his dead father's body was yet lying in the Palace at Friedrichskron, he surrounded the building with a strong body of soldiers, headed by a German officer, whose

reputation for brutality and recklessness was a bye-word even in Germany, and started to ransack the building.

The alleged object of this outrage on the dead was the search for the memoirs of his father, which were said to cover a period of thirty years. It was given out that it was the intention of the Empress Frederick to publish these memoirs, to the prejudice of Germany and its new Kaiser. With this explanation the people of Germany were readily content.

It is possible only to hint at the insults he heaped upon his mother and the memory of his father. The name of the Potsdam palace was changed from Friedrichskron to Neues Palais, its original title. The Dowager Empress was turned out with a celerity that evoked protest, even in Germany. A gross and brutal openness characterised the Kaiser's conduct to his mother. He wished the meanest of his subjects to understand that he, at least, was not under the thumb of the meddling Englishwoman. His conduct was as calculated as it was cruel, and with a more susceptible race would have earned him an initial distrust.

Not so in Germany. The people responded



promptly to the appeal he made in his proclamations.

He spoke directly to the masses, then as now groaning under the heavy burden that is laid upon the working class in Germany.

“I will continue my endeavours to make Imperial legislation render in the future to the working classes that protection which, in accordance with the principles of Christian morality, it is able to extend to the weak and oppressed in their struggle for existence. I hope that in this way it will be possible to effect an adjustment of unhealthy social contrasts.”

To the Army he addressed himself even more persuasively:—

“We belong to each other, I and the Army; thus we were born for one another: and firmly and inseparably we will hold together, whether it be God’s Will to give us peace or storm. I solemnly vow always to be mindful of the fact that the eyes of my ancestors are looking down upon me from the other world, and that one day I shall have to render to them an account of both the glory and the honour of the Army.”

To the world at large he promised the blessing of peace, if possible.

“I am determined to keep peace with every one, so far as it lies in my power. My love for the German Army, and the position I occupy in regard to it, will never lead me into the temptation to endanger the benefits which the country derives from peace, provided, of course, that war does not become a necessity, forced upon us by an attack upon the Empire, or its Allies.”

The first two promises were accepted unhesitatingly by those to whom they were addressed. The third was taken in the way it was intended, both by the Germans and by other nations. It was read, as every succeeding utterance of the Kaiser was read, as the mark of a new and heavy-handed régime. For many a year to come the young Kaiser gave the diplomats an anxious time. He was continually praising peace, and hinting at war. It was a way of speaking which gave satisfaction to all classes in Germany, for it could be read in any way that suited.

It was as the *young* Kaiser that the new Emperor came before his people. William the Great was ninety when he died. He had been surrounded by old men, hard heads like Bismarck, and grizzled warriors of the von Moltke type. There was nothing at the end of his

reign to appeal to the sentiment and hope of the German people. He stood for hard fighting, and hard, distasteful work. An emblem of glory, but glory won hardly and painfully.

Friedrich had been a popular figure once—"Unser Fritz," the generous prince who loved peace, but fought as boldly as a lion. But he came to the throne a dying man, and under the thumb of the hated Englishwoman.

Now there came upon the scene a young Kaiser, a fine personable man, and a German to his finger tips. His English taint was forgotten, for he had disowned his British blood by the most dramatic and public conduct of which an Emperor could be capable. His physical deformity was overlooked, for he had learned to hide it by an application that was Spartan in its thoroughness. He had a typical German Consort, known throughout the Empire for her adherence to the old German ways. He made a big bid for popularity, and he won it easily.

He came with fine promises in his mouth. He was the "Arbeiter Kaiser," the Emperor who would deliver the downtrodden workers of Germany. He was the new Warlord, one in sentiment and soul with that great institution the Germany army. He was the Kaiser who would

ensure surcease from war to his tired people by the methods a German best understands—threats and a great show of force.

Moreover, he showed himself generous, as became a young man. It was soon evident that he had a strong vein of sentiment. His old friends, the members of his student corps and the fellow officers in his regiment quickly began to know it. To have studied or served with the Kaiser was a passport to his notice, and a sure way to rapid promotion. These things were noised abroad, and he was liked for them. It is pleasant to be able to record them now.

He acted on impulse, as he does to-day, and his impulses were generous ones. Gossip busied itself with a hundred little acts, committed on the spur of the moment, impetuous deeds that interested the Germans as they interested the outside world. His interests were wide, and impinged on those of every class of the community. And he had the domestic virtues. Finally he made a big stir in the outside world, and that flattered the Germans. They had somebody at last to proclaim their virtues and accomplishments to Christendom. No cock in the farm-yard of the world crowed so

loudly, or with so shrill a note of defiance, as theirs.

It is not to be wondered at that the new Kaiser succeeded to his inheritance in a blaze of popularity.

## CHAPTER III

### THE KAISER AS FIGUREHEAD

"I regard my whole position as given to me direct from Heaven, and that I have been called by the Highest to do His work, by One to whom I must one day render an account."—*The Kaiser*.

WILLIAM ascended the throne with the fullest sense of the great part he was to play in the history of the world. If anything, he exaggerated his powers and responsibilities, as well as his personal ability to fulfil those responsibilities. He openly proclaimed his belief in the divine right of Kings, and his intention to act up to that belief.

Some description of the man and his Kingship is due.

Not over-tall—it is claimed that he is five feet eight inches in height—his fine military carriage gives him the appearance of being a big man. The uniforms he customarily wears, with their spiked helmets, add to this effect of great stature. The illusion is heightened by an air of conscious dignity and might that is rare, even among the great ones of the earth.

The most noticeable of his features are his eyes—grey, shot with a peculiar yellow glint. They are slightly prominent, and their customary expression is a stare, which has something of curiosity in its haughty pride. Those unaccustomed to that stare become readily embarrassed by it. When the Kaiser is displeased, the pupils roll sideways, displaying the whites of the eye, after the fashion of some ferocious animal.

The Kaiser's complexion is slightly pallid, but clear, and indicative of clean living and active habits. His hair is plentiful, his mouth firm but gross, and his forehead high. The touch of art is supplied to his countenance by the aggressive military twist to the moustache, familiar to every one who ever heard of the Kaiser. Afoot, the Kaiser carries himself like a soldier and a gentleman; on horseback, like a conquering King.

His manner is usually stern, but can, on occasions, be gracious, friendly, and even jovial. This is particularly the case when he is talking to foreign men of note, or to pretty women. The repose of his manner is broken by the excessive use of his right hand, with which he constantly gesticulates. Those who know him

well are able to judge his humour by the movements of that hand; when annoyed, he tugs at his ear; when interested, his finger is pressed on the tip of his nose. He walks about restlessly, or shifts the weight of his body from one foot to the other as he talks.

His conduct to those surrounding him is customarily overbearing and imperious. He pours forth a torrent of questions, and does not appear to listen to the answers; but it is afterwards found that he has heard all he wants to hear. He is impatient of the opinions of men of independent minds, and takes no advice. This renders him accessible to the influence of skilful flatterers, a class with whom all monarchs are more or less surrounded.

He has survived middle age regally. His figure has filled out, but shows no trace of the fatness which afflicts the elderly people of the German race. His hair has gone grey, and is less abundant. His moustache has lost some of its aggressive upward curve, and the face is the better for the modification. The smiles that sometimes lightened it have disappeared in a monotonous sternness, and his geniality appears to have degenerated into a sort of ferocious jo-



viality. Even this has been very rare with him recently.

The qualities of his mind, more than his fine person, give him the magnetism that is the attribute of a truly remarkable man. No crowd is more critical of foreign Kings than a London crowd, for London has for centuries been the Mecca of Emperors and Princes. His hold on the London crowd has always been pronounced, never more so than on the occasion of his last visit to England, the thirteenth he has paid.

During that visit, the writer was watching the mournful funeral procession of King Edward, with an Australian friend, who caught his first glimpse of the Kaiser as he rode by with King George, at the head of a band of royal mourners. The dominating personality of the Kaiser gripped the Australian in a second, and he expressed his feeling brutally but forcibly. "He makes that foreign lot look as though they ought to be walking in chains behind the bier." And we were both rather proud of the Kaiser's strain of English blood.

I have seen him often in his own country, and his appearance always caused something of a thrill. Driving through the streets of Berlin,

“the accursed city,” as he called it, early in 1909, and returning the glance of derision of his incensed subjects with interest. Dashing up to a provincial town to unveil some “*Denkmal*,” all smiles and graciousness, and motoring off after the brief ceremony. At a review, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of German militarism. At Hamburg, receiving the greetings of a city where civic life is exalted to a degree that will even compare with that of London. Always he looked and acted as one of the great Emperors of all time.

The Kaiser brought to Germany a new sense of greatness. His era substituted prosperity for poverty, industrialism for agriculture, materialism for idealism, and expansion for mere self-sufficiency. The Germany he found, placed a ring of steel around its furthest borders, and defied the world to cross it. He created a Germany that went forth into the world, and displayed its impenetrable armour in every remote corner of it. At least, he strove to do so.

He recognised the immensity of the task before him, but never cherished one fleeting doubt of his capacity to perform it. But he would do it himself. Behind his grandfather had stood wise old Bismarck, pulling every string of the

state machine. He held Bismarck his "Hettmann," the man to do "the donkey-work." The Kaiser never intended to be a mere figurehead.

But as a figurehead he scored his greatest successes. From one land to another he sped, the personification of the new Imperial Germany. Everywhere he created the just and calculated effect, while the German people, not understanding, dubbed him "William the Wanderer." He himself could not go as far afield as America, but he sent his brother to represent him, and created new ties between Germany and America, the value of which can be estimated to-day. He landed in Morocco, and delayed a settlement of the Moroccan question by many years. He journeyed to Palestine, and left behind him his handiwork on the lasting fabric of Moham-medanism. Everywhere he went it was the same. He touched nothing that he did not in some way alter.

Two sentiments alone he could not affect: they were the just hatred of France, and the impermeable suspicion of Great Britain.

Within Germany his influence was precisely the same. He made no secret of the fact that he did not like things as he found them, and he

set out on the task of moulding them to his desires with a high resolve. No man ever lived a more purposeful life, or affected so much. Change was the essence of what the Germans call "Kaisertum."

He came to a town that had not been touched for centuries, and frowned. He looked round him, then waved his arm with a huge sweeping gesture. The visitor returning to that town after a year or two would see new grey stone buildings everywhere; a factory here, and a big school there. The Kaiser made quiet places hum with life.

He chose his servants to create a German navy, and they made a wonderful navy in a short time; though it was only a new one. His influence spread through the worlds of commerce, finance, shipping; and everywhere there were new and flourishing growths. Of course there were failures, and where Germany fails, it fails monumentally.

He turned his gaze upon the habits of the German people, and found much there of which he did not approve. He set out imperiously to change it. He issued orders telling the people how to behave at table; what clothes to wear and when, how to behave at dances, at theatres,

at church, in the street. They were all excellent rules, but Germany cannot afford to pay enough policemen to see that they are carried out.

He took the women in hand, and issued sharp rules for their conduct.

No lady must ride astride. No German lady who respects herself will fly to the rouge or powder pot. All German girls must learn to play tennis. And a hundred other orders, which the women did their best to carry out.

He turned his attention to education, art, science, drama, and a hundred other things. His speeches on such subjects created a good deal of amusement; but he lived down laughter and effected change. It will be interesting to examine whether these changes were all for the better.

But in Germany, as in the outside world, he encountered two factors that were not in any way susceptible to his great influence. They were the German Army and the German Aristocracy.

The topmost rank of Germany's nobility, outside the actual reigning houses of the German states, are the descendants of deposed princes. There were once 300 little states in Germany,

and the old ruling families in these states have mostly survived the extinction of their principalities. Some fifty families retain their princely titles, and there are still more families which retain the tradition. All these families form a top grade of German aristocracy. Few of them deign to mix themselves in the new German commercialism, though some have done so with a very startling effect. The majority are landowners; poor, discontented, and possessed with a martial tradition. Their influence at Court, in the Army, and as a class, is all exercised in one direction; it is not in the direction of Germany's peaceful expansion.

But they constitute the power behind the throne; they compose the political party on which the ministries of the Kaiser have always depended in the last instance for support. The problem of retaining this conservative support, and effecting at the same time his policy of change, supplied the struggle of William's life. On the new German commercial element he has always been able personally to rely, though they continually complained of his "dallying with Junkerdom." His attempt to obtain the support of the masses he frankly abandoned in the very early days of his reign.

The meaning of the cruel set to his coarse mouth comes out in the bitterness with which he threw off his early affection for the proletariat, when he recognised that his attempt to conciliate it could not be maintained. "To me," he declared, "the word Social Democrat is synonymous with enemy of the Empire and the Fatherland."

In outside affairs it was the same. There was nothing he coveted more than the personal friendship of King Edward, which was tactfully withheld. It was reported to him that King Edward had remarked, after one of the Kaiser's characteristic outbursts on Germany's future naval supremacy, "Oh! let him play with his ships." The report was probably a false one, but the Kaiser credited it.

His chagrin peeped out in the famous letter he wrote to Lord Tweedmouth; a private letter, as it was explained at the time, and written to an intimate, after dinner. But it has been impossible to suppress his reference to Lord Esher, whom he estimated as a valued servant and personal friend of the late King. "Let Lord Esher attend to the drains at Windsor Castle," is the bowdlerised version of the intended retort, directed not to the servant, but to the royal

master. That outburst, due to a rejection of proffered advances, is very enlightening in view of what has occurred since. It is a startling revelation of what lay beneath that imperial dignity, and appearance of royal good humour. It serves as a useful index to the grossness, not only of the German Emperor, but of the whole German nation.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE KAISER AS ORATOR

“That such great oratory should be the gift of a person who happens to be the German Emperor is a fact of far-reaching importance.”—*Emil Reich*.

THERE has recently been published a little book which contains an excellent collection of the more important utterances of the Kaiser, translated into spirited English. The compiler has chosen to introduce them with a preface, from which is taken the following passage. “Never has he coined one illuminating thought, fashioned one lasting phrase. Napoleon said a thousand things worth repeating, the Kaiser not a single one. Yet few monarchs have chattered more, or ranged over so impudently wide a field.”

It is conceivable that if a book of extracts from the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George were now being published in Leipsic—as may well be the case—the German compiler would couch his introduction in similar language. It would be admirably suited to the present temper of the

German people, and the light in which they wish to regard Englishmen. The fact that the contents of the book would contradict the verdict of the compiler might escape notice, for German logic is no more proof against hatred and prejudice than is British.

If it were the purpose of this book to trade on the very just obloquy in which its subject is now held in this country, it would be easy to show that the Kaiser is a contemptible chatterer, whose words are only sped by the might of the position he inherited. But not in this way can the significance of the real Kaiser be reached.

The plain fact is that the Kaiser is one of the first orators of his age. He stands out as an eloquent exponent of ideas that have often shocked by their very extravagance a speaker who, whether he were king or workman, would, by sheer force of conviction, rhetoric, and personality, have compelled the ears of any assemblage he might address. His phrases are in everybody's mouth to-day; they will ring through the centuries because they express so exactly and forcibly the idea he strove to impress.

We repeat "the mailed fist," "grasping the trident," and "a place in the sun," not because

they were coined by an Emperor, but because they crystallise in a few words great basic ideas. Who can doubt that, like "Delenda est Carthago," or "Civis Romanus sum," they will live for ever as vivid expressions of gigantic national ambitions?

The Kaiser's pre-eminence as an orator is the more marked because the Germans, as a race, are not remarkable for the quality of their impromptu utterances. The language is a resonant and sonorous one, but by reason of its involved construction, is more adapted to the accurate and lucid expression of the written word than to the use of the speaker who wishes to sway the impulses of his hearers on a high plane of thought.

The real value of the Kaiser's gift of speech has been well summed up by the late Emil Reich, a pronounced German-hater, in *Germany's Madness*, a book which at the time of its publication did not attract one fraction of the attention it deserved. He writes:—

"The Kaiser is a born orator. He speaks naturally very well, and even the style of his addresses, delivered on the spur of the moment, is quite remarkable. Whether he delivers a sermon on board ship, as he has frequently done, or

whether he addresses students at Bonn University, a regiment, labourers, scientific congresses, or diplomatists, he invariably succeeds in giving point and life and fine shape to his ideas. On the Continent this is a serious power. To underrate it, to judge it from the British standpoint, is not only absurd, but also quite beyond the point.

“A man who can talk as well as the Kaiser would be a prominent man in Germany under all conditions; but that such great oratory should be the gift of a person who happens to be the German Emperor, that is a fact of far-reaching importance with a nation with whom authority and high-class oratory have an enormous influence.”

There was an American magnate once who when his word was doubted, was rightly indignant at an unjust accusation. “Great Scott!” he cried, “do you think I can’t afford to pay people to do my lying?”

We know that the Kaiser pays a host of people to do his lying, but we have curiously refused to accept any of the Kaiser’s speeches at their face value. Perhaps a lot of trouble might have been saved if we had done so. Many of them are brutally frank in their explicit declara-

tion of the ambitions and aims of the German Emperor. Most of them could have been printed, as we printed the speeches of our own great men, under the heading "Grave warning." We insisted on laughing at them, and in proving that they meant something the Kaiser did not say, or that they meant nothing at all. Yet there is little the Kaiser has said that will convict him of wilfully lying, or of expressing anything but his conviction of the moment.

This has surprised the Kaiser himself.

"You English are mad," he began, in the famous *Daily Telegraph* interview; "mad as March hares. What has come over you that you are so completely given over to suspicion quite unworthy of a great nation? Falsehood and prevarication are alien to my nature."

In analysing his speeches to see whether they truthfully reflect his actions, it may be as well to begin with an oft-repeated sentiment, the spirit and letter of which he has broken. "I am opposed to war; but war can only be avoided by exerting to the utmost the defensive forces of the State."

For twenty-five years he continued to enforce this doctrine, that the peace of Europe was in his hands, and that he intended to maintain it

by an overwhelming show of force. For a quarter of a century he adhered to that promise; then he broke it, deliberately and by a prearranged plan. The circumstances of this breach it will be convenient to examine elsewhere. The reader must then form an individual opinion whether he was throughout only a peaceful bully, or a lying bully who was biding his time for a display of violence.

Otherwise, his speeches have afforded a reliable key to his actions. He said he would make the upkeep of the Army his first care; he has done so. He said he would make Germany first at sea as on land; if certain people in this country had had their own way, he would have done that by this time. He announced his intention of occupying the position to which he had been called as head of the German nation; he has deprived Germany of every shred of constitutional government. He announced his conviction that Germany was entitled not only to an equal place with other great nations, but to the first place in the world. He based the claim on Germany's own merit, and on the direct interposition of an all-powerful God. He has never said or done anything to show that he was not sincere in that conviction.

His sincerity, as well as the skill with which he marshalls words and phrases, has at least carried conviction to the hearts of his own people. They were able to distinguish between his *gefluegelte*—random remarks about trifles, and the great principles he enunciated with so much fire and eloquence. To have stirred in the minds of such a race the faith in his own belief that Germany could be made a great naval power is no small achievement. To have helped by his speeches to call into being a Navy League with 1,000,000 earnest members is only one part of the Kaiser's work as an orator. He did more; by his speeches he implanted in the German mind the notion of world power as none of the many writers and speakers on the topic were able to do.

British people only saw the incongruity of this spectacle of an Emperor continually "on the stump"; they overlooked the very potent effect of this endless stream of Imperial oratory.

And the Kaiser had the art of imparting significance and grandeur to the most commonplace occasion. Any one who has been present at the christening of a ship will know that the ceremony itself is a mere piece of bathos. The breaking of a bottle of wine and the utterance of

a few words seem paltry when one sees what comes after; the rush of the new keel down the slips into its element. That sight always dwarfs the trifling ceremony that precedes it.

But the Kaiser knew how to christen a ship Imperially. Hear him speak:—

“Springing from the old German sagas are the names of ships of thy class. Therefore shalt thou likewise recall to us the grey past of our ancestors and the puissant deity whom our German forefathers in their ignorance supplicated and worshipped, when the battles of the North were fought on the Polar Seas, and death and ruin were carried into the land of the enemy. The potent name of this great deity shalt thou bear. I christen thee with the name of Aegir.”

Or he lifts his voice in praise of the dignity of motherhood:—

“I am thinking now of German women and maids. When I was on the battlefield at Vionville, I thought of how nobly they gave their sons, their husbands and their lovers to assist in the work of regaining for us the Empire. It is incumbent on them to bring up a new generation of vigorous men. In the mother, our good Ger-



man woman, lies a vast reserve of Power that none can overcome.”

Or in the Rhineland:—

“On these banks of the Rhine, that river of romance so familiar in our history, where every mountain has its story and every House of God speaks its sublime message, every note of welcome and every cordial word must exercise a magic spell on the human heart.”

It would be easy to multiply by a hundred the instances of the eloquence of this Emperor, who stood before his people and entered into the heart of things, catching the spell of the moment and of the place to glorify some aspect of German life. To soldiers he could speak as a soldier; to students as a student; and even to artists he could talk with a wisdom and shrewdness that is surprising, in view of his pitiful performance when he sought to give practical expression to his own art notions.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently recorded his glee at the discovery made by him on consulting his encyclopædia, that the Slavs were originally distinguished by name from the Germans because of an essential difference. Originally Slav meant “the people who could talk”

as distinct from the “Niemets,” or Germans, to whom self-expression in speech was impossible. Possibly the Kaiser inherited his gift of eloquence from the English side of his family; but it seems more than useless to contest the fact that he has the gift.

## CHAPTER V

### THE KAISER AS BUSINESS MAN

"The world at the end of the nineteenth century marches under the banner of commerce."—*The Kaiser's telegram to Dr. Stephen, Imperial Postal Secretary, on his 60th Birthday.*

"I wish Your Majesty were an Englishman, for I could then make you my business manager."—*Cecil Rhodes.*

"He is of the stuff that would have made a first-class American."—*Some modest Yankee scribe.*

THE German Emperor transacts his business in a great bare room at Potsdam. The apartment is familiar to many German men of business; indeed, the Kaiser's accessibility for burghers was at one time a bitter grievance to the Junkers, who never ceased to sneer at his fondness for "Westphalian nobodies." More recently, however, they have made a grim jest of it, and the apartment goes by the name of the "Spider's Web."

On the walls are hung Sprüche—mottoes in large character adorned with gilt frames. The Kaiser's favourite Spruch writer is Ludwig Ganghofer, a sort of Bavarian Samuel Smiles.

He has provided Germany with the breakfast cereals of its literature, the hard, gritty nibs of wisdom which have become popular, largely through the admiration of the Kaiser. To-day, "Be strong in Pain" and "Be satisfied with the day as it comes," stare from many a German wall, and are pointed out as two of the Kaiser's favourite mottoes.

At one time the Kaiser regarded his collection of these Sprüche with impartial benevolence. It is significant that during recent years the place of honour opposite the Imperial desk is assigned to a Spruch which reads, "If something hurts us or damages us, it is perhaps necessary to the welfare of creation."

In this room the Kaiser takes his place every morning at seven, and for an hour is immersed in his daily batch of Press cuttings. These excerpts from the current dailies, weeklies and monthlies of the world take a wide range, and are provided by a staff of specialists working on an elaborate system. They cover the seven languages the Kaiser has mastered, and include translations from the speech of other countries as well.

Each cutting is pasted on a large piece of paper, allowing a wide margin for the notes and

instructions which are scribbled on those cuttings thought worthy of attention. I have seen some of the comparatively unimportant slips after they have been through the Kaiser's hands. His Majesty's notes remind me of nothing so much as daily newspaper copy; full of abbreviations, and scribbled indifferently in German and in Roman script, both sometimes occurring in the same sentence.

The daily budget of cuttings cover a wide range of subjects, and the supervision of its preparation is a matter of extreme delicacy. The Kaiser, like all human beings, is subject to the weakness of not wishing to deal with unpleasant things at the moment when they are brought under his notice. Yet, when he discovers that things calculated to annoy him have been kept back, his brow becomes very black, and his bulging eyes display an undue proportion of white.

Many high officials have failed to please the Emperor in the performance of the task of supervision of this press-cutting bureau. Included in the list was one of his Chancellors. The right man was found at last in Doctor Hamann, who for some years now has been director of the Press Bureau in Wilhelmstrasse.

To Hamann is assigned the important task of preparing matter for Press consumption, as well as the making ready of the daily Imperial dossier. With his function of news distributor it will be convenient to deal elsewhere. I mention it here to point out that it has served him as a weapon in his struggle with the entourage of the Kaiser; and enabled him, not only to keep his post, but to increase his own influence and importance.

Whatever of press matter Hamann may think it necessary to smother, in the interests of his Imperial master, it is very certain that nothing is kept back that is of business importance. With the Kaiser, business is divided under two heads; the business affairs of the German Empire, and the matters appertaining to his personal business affairs.

In the supervision of his national affairs, as well as in the management of his personal affairs, the Kaiser has long been proved a business man of the highest order. One hears of business men who always keep themselves acquainted with the minutest details of gigantic enterprises. This, of course, is sheer theatrical nonsense, but the modern business man has his affairs arranged so that he can always surprise

every department by a quick investigation of its affairs. In this art the German Emperor is unsurpassed. Nowhere has he more genuinely earned his title of William the Sudden than in his business office.

The matter for the Imperial news dossier is supplied not only by the whole continental Press, but also by the whole of the extremely efficient German consular service abroad. Finance, trade, invention, shipping, and all kindred topics are fully covered, and at the service of the bureau there is always a staff of experts who can supply a very full and comprehensive report to the Emperor on any new invention or trade development which may have attracted his attention.

To the Kaiser is largely due the excellence of the German consular service, and the German Consuls abroad are unapproached, surpassing even the capable representatives of America. The German consul is for ever at the service of his country, and the meanest of its subjects in foreign lands. He is a highly trained commercial spy, and, as recent events have proved, does not always confine his activities to commercial matters. His reports are models of accuracy and thoroughness. The consular serv-

ice has for twenty years been maintained at this pitch of perfection by the personal supervision of the Emperor himself.

Here lies the secret of the adroit manipulation of German capital abroad. Shipping subsidies are granted at the just moment, and full advantage is taken of the consequent spurt in trade. German money is invested or withdrawn, always with a calculated effect. To this end the German financial system is admirably adapted.

The German capitalistic Syndicates and Cartells are not more than fifty in number, and control practically the whole capital of the Empire. The interests of all are allied, and the Kaiser is in the closest touch with the men who pull the strings. Thus banking, shipping and manufacturing interests are closely interwoven with the great fabric of Empire, and the Kaiser tightens every thread by means of his influence with great manipulators of the type of Herr Ballin.

This close acquaintance with the financiers of the Empire is still bitterly resented by the starving aristocrats who swam around the Court. But it has enabled the Kaiser to extricate his own personal affairs from the hopeless



muddle in which his magnificence and impulsiveness has entangled them.

His income as German Emperor is only £130,000, and Prussia has had to pay for the honour by a civil list of £770,000, recently increased to £900,000. But very early in his reign he found that £1,000,000 a year was not adequate to his conception of the magnificence of Kaiserdum, for the Kaiser is probably the wildest spendthrift that ever wore a crown.

The upkeep of his fifty castles and palaces is a legitimate expense, no doubt, but he has never consented to a modest scale of expenditure in connexion with any of them. He maintains and manages three theatres; the Royal Opera and the Royal Theatre in Berlin, and the Royal Theatre at Wiesbaden. They are all run at a heavy loss. His Court is the most pompous and costly in Europe. The multiplication of functionaries with high-sounding titles, characteristic of the Courts of the old German Principalities, is exaggerated in the Kaiser's personal surroundings; and in his case they are all salaried on a scale which is princely, according to the standard of German officialdom. The Minister of the Imperial House, the Director of the Imperial House, The Director of Royal

Archives, the President of Heraldry, the Court Marshall, the Master of the Hunt, the Master of the Kitchen, the Master of the Stables, the Master of Ceremonies, and others with similar titles, are all at the head of elaborate and costly departments of the Kaiser's Court. The Kaiser pays for all.

He has also to provide for such a host of poor relatives as afflict no other European monarch. The incomes of his six sons are all paid by the Kaiser himself, and as they have grown up and married, his expense from this source alone has been a very heavy one. When travelling abroad, he scatters gifts with oriental recklessness. After his Mediterranean tour there was left behind him a trail of diamond rings and pins, gold watches and necklaces with which modern times provide no parallel.

Then his pose as patron of the arts and professions is an expensive one. He is always discovering new artists and sculptors and buying their works at prices far above their market value. His art collection does more credit to the goodness of his impulsive nature than to the excellence of his judgment. His reward has been a good deal of ill-natured criticism from many of the men who owe their success in life

to the very lack of judgment they lampoon. Let the Kaiser see a church in a state of dilapidation, and he at once sets about restoring it from his own design. Most of the cost usually falls upon the Imperial architect.

Such a man sees a chance of spending money wherever he goes. In the early stages of his life he found no compensating balance. He was continually in money difficulties of the most embarrassing description. The fact peeped out in all the little ill-judged economies that mark the constitutional spendthrift. He was mean to the verge of parsimony in domestic affairs. The little Princess did not like the buttons on her new yachting suit; they looked common. She wanted to replace them with some she had seen at Wertheims, at a shilling apiece. "What!" cried her father. "A shilling each for buttons. Nonsense, that is far too much." So the Princess had to be content with her common buttons. Continually he complained of expenses that the ordinary middle-class man accepts as inevitable; it was the Kaiser's way of economising.

But his close intimacy with the leaders of German finance has enabled him to apply his great business ability to the very profitable develop-

ment of his private resources. These were very considerable at the outset. The Kaiser is the largest landowner of Prussia. His estates are 250,000 acres in extent and eighty-three in number. He owns much of the best agricultural land in Germany, and valuable mineral tracts as well.

His early management of these lands was royal. The workers are still the best-paid of their class in Germany, and the old-age pensions and allowances for widows come from the Imperial purse. But soon the Kaiser's estates began to develop on very shrewd business lines. An instance in point is the growth of the Imperial stud for breeding race-horses, established under the guidance of Count Lehndorf. The Kaiser's primary object was the improvement of the German troop-horse, an object which has been achieved, as we learned in the year 1914. But the initial expense was enormous, and the means of recouping it was skilfully devised, an object lesson being taken from France and Great Britain.

Graditz, and the other Imperial studs, are fine business speculations, because modern Germany has been equipped with race-courses, such as Grünewald, where the Berliner can spend his

holiday making acquaintance with the fascination of the *Pari-mutuel*. The writer has seen crowds at these modern race-courses, Carlshorst and Grünewald especially, equal to that at Epsom on Derby Day. For cheapness and convenience they stand unrivalled, and as a consequence the Berliner of the twentieth century has developed a passion for betting equal to that of the Parisian. A goodly share of the prize money falls to the Imperial stud, and the price of bloodstock in Germany has been enhanced enormously.

A better example of the Kaiser's business ability is shown in the development of the pottery factory attached to his Cadinen estate. The Majolica ware, which is the special product of this factory, has become a very familiar object in modern Germany, especially since the opening of a large shop in Leipziger Strasse, in Berlin, under the title of the Hohenzollern Industrial Art Store.

One very clever woman in the business set was able to secure a very early example of this ware, and displayed it, not too prominently, in her reception-room where the honour of a visit from Majesty was to be accorded. The Kaiser's roving eye lit on it immediately upon his entrance.

His delight was frank and unconcealed. "Ha, ha," he shouted, "the tradesman calls on his patrons. Good! And what is the next article?"

The opening of the art store was a huge success. Kempinsky, keeper of the huge restaurants where thousands of Berliners lunch and dine with a comforting sense of bigness, both of apartments and meals, redecorated his establishments entirely with the Cadinen Majolica. The Imperial Bank of Leipsic had a whole ceiling made of the ware. But the popular line of the store was the porcelain bust of the Kaiser, made from a design by the Imperial owner of the shop, and produced at a price within the means of modest purses. The writer has become unpleasantly familiar with that porcelain bust during the last two years, and personally would not give the guinea which is demanded for the standard size. But it is good business, and the Kaiser is not ashamed of it.

Let it be said that he displays an equal readiness to act as commercial agent for the national goods. In fact he succeeded in shocking Admiral Grigorovitch, an aristocratic Russian sailor and one of the least business-like men in the world. At a Kiel naval review, a German

cruiser of the latest type had come under notice, when the Kaiser turned to the Admiral. "In our yards," he said, "we can turn out six of those in the shortest possible time, if the order is promptly given. And they are the very type that Russia wants." The remark was made in the hearing of several representatives of foreign powers, and in the silence which followed the Kaiser was the only unembarrassed person.

From time to time little indications are given of the Kaiser's widespread business interests which annoy the aristocrats as much as they amuse the burghers. For instance, it was found that he has six shares in a Hamburg brewery which yield him an income of £200 a year. He has probably much bigger brewing interests than that, for his great crony Prince Fuerstenburg, the leading capitalist of Germany, is one of its first brewers.

The late Carl Hagenbeck told me of an interesting business talk he had with the Kaiser, who owns good land in German South-west Africa which he originally equipped as a sheep farm. He consulted Hagenbeck on the possibility of ostrich farming on this land, and, as a result of the interview, the zoo expert was com-

missioned to stock a large ostrich farm for the Emperor. The outlay, according to Hagenbeck, is likely to be a very profitable one.

In Brazil, too, the Kaiser has interests which are imperilled by the acute crisis through which the finance of that country is now passing. The capital, however, has been so shrewdly placed that it is likely to represent a huge fortune at no distant date. Security is a more marked feature of his speculations in California, and the sum at stake is not so great. His most recent field of financial enterprise is the Canadian State of British Columbia, and it is likely that more will be heard of this very soon. His interests there are not on the gigantic scale that rumour has credited them with being, but they are very substantial. Should the Canadian Government take the matter in hand, they will have no difficulty in tracing the transaction, if not to the Kaiser, at least very near to Potsdam.

Herr Martin, the most renowned of German financial writers, in an article published in the *National Zeitung* at the beginning of the year 1914, placed the Kaiser as the wealthiest personage in Germany. He estimated his fortune at £20,000,000; the greater part of which wealth has been created by the Kaiser's own exertions.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE KAISER AT HOME

Kinde, Kuche, Kleider, Kirche—und Kaiser.—*The Kaiser's motto for women.*

Oh, wisely has the Kaiser said  
Four C's should rule in housewife's head.  
A Child to love, a Church for prayer,  
Fair Cook, and Clothes in good repair.

No Child; then life is dull and long.  
No Church; then everything goes wrong.  
No Cook; and this the husband loathes.  
No taste; who likes untidy clothes?

*Percy Fitzgerald.*

“I SHALL have a soreness in the heart until I see the wife and youngsters,” said the Kaiser to the Bishop of Salisbury, when the last ceremony in connexion with the Palestine journey had been concluded.

Like most of the Kaiser's utterances, that was a very genuine expression of his sentiment of the moment. Unlike very many of his sayings, it represented a very consistent attitude of the Emperor throughout his whole life. In all the controversy that has raged around him, and through all the criticism that has been showered

upon him, no serious doubt has ever been cast upon the happiness and wholesomeness of his home life.

There can be no secrets here, no possibility of misunderstanding. The everyday existence of the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and the members of their family comes under the purview of so many eyes that it would be impossible to hide away any skeleton in a cupboard. In our own homely English phrase, the Kaiser has been proved "a good husband and a good father," a man who is never so happy as when he can renew the domestic ties which shackle him so pleasantly.

In the eyes of every German the Kaiser has done his first duty as a German and a monarch; he has given his country six stalwart sons. He has brought them up in the German tradition of stern duty and iron discipline. Some of them have married—early, as becomes Hohenzollern princes—and have maintained the German reputation for fruitfulness. His daughter, the family favourite, has married the Duke of Brunswick, and has fulfilled the people's hope by healing a long-maintained breach in the walls of the Empire.

The Kaiserin is a consort of the old-fashioned

German school. "No English nonsense about her," say the worthy burghers, still mindful of the forceful woman whose life was made so unhappy by running counter to German tastes and German prejudices. A pleasant bright-faced lady, with an abundance of beautiful snowy-white hair, she has never lost the hold she early gained on the hearts of her people. She lives strictly, according to the motto laid down by the Kaiser himself. Her life is devoted to children, household duties, Church, clothes, and the Kaiser.

Each evening she receives from an aide the programme of the Kaiser's arrangements for the following day, and her own time-table is devised to fit in with that programme. For a day is lost to the Kaiser if he does not spend some part of it in close intercourse with the wife he loves so well. Into the intimate circle of his private life the Kaiser has also taken the Crown Princess, the beautiful girl who won much of his popularity for the heir to the throne. It is characteristic of the Kaiser that in the breach which has occurred between himself and his headstrong heir, there has been no cessation of the very fatherly and friendly regard he has always displayed to his daughter-in-law.

The Kaiser's day begins at six, an invariable rule except when he is travelling, when he allows himself and his staff an extra hour of repose. Much work is done before breakfast, a family meal with no Court ceremony. Official duties begin afterwards, and are accompanied by much ceremony, for the pomp of the Kaiser's Court exceeds that of any other in the world, not even excepting that of the Czar.

At the Kaiser's favourite evening supper of cold meat and beer the chance comes again to throw off the ties of formality, and the Imperial family reverts to the pleasant homely intercourse that is characteristic of an ordinary middle-class family in Germany. A few intimates may be entertained, and the Kaiser often takes part in a game of cards. He favours the essentially German game of skat, and will only hear of the smallest stakes. Even then he is a bad loser, and more awkward still, is very quick to notice and rebuke the player who attempts to save an unpleasant situation by allowing him to win.

The Kaiser boasts a good hearty appetite, but drinks in strict moderation. He is particularly fond of Hamburg steak, which is meat chopped fine with onions, and fried, and consumes his

German average of sausage. Roast goose always tempts him, and invariably makes him bilious and ill-tempered; so Herr Carl Jaedicke, formerly his head cook, but now unfortunately no more, would never serve that dish. For this Herr Jaedicke was sometimes most unjustly blamed by his Imperial master.

Herr Jaedicke was the successor of a long line of German cooks who styled themselves Chef, and served the Imperial family with dishes which were fondly believed by some of its members to be samples of French cookery. But not by the Kaiser, who knew a good deal better. So one day he determined to put in a real German cook, who would supply honest German food. Herr Jaedicke was chosen, and proved a real find.

He would not be called Chef, but fell back on the German title of Mundkoch. He changed the Imperial Menu to a Speisekarte, and then, with the collaboration of the Kaiser himself, set out to find German equivalents to all the great cosmopolitan French titles for standing dishes. He was grieved, this excellent Herr Jaedicke, when his Imperial master suddenly lost interest in the pastime. The game stopped at the letter M, word Mayonnaise, to which no

real German equivalent could be found, though Herr Jaedicke believed to have solved the problem, coining the ingenious variant of Meionneise. Apparently the Kaiser did not agree with him.

A part, not showy but indispensable, is also played in the Kaiser's home life by the versatile Herr Haby, Hof Friseur and inventor of the Kaiser moustache. Herr Haby is not unknown in England; a tall man of military mien who sports a moustache so aggressive that the small boys of Windsor took him for Majesty himself, and cheered him whenever he ventured into the street.

Herr Haby "fixed" his master's moustache by the invention of a toilet water of surpassing worth, to which he gave the name "Es ist erreicht," which corresponds, he said, to our English word Eureka. It was an American who reminded Herr Haby that Eureka was not originally an English word, and suggested "The Limit" as nearly a literal rendering of his inspiration. This, however, was rejected by the inventor.

"Es ist erreicht" is reserved by the inventor for the sole use of Majesty himself, and he was consequently called upon to provide an equiva-

lent for the use of 20,000,000 loyal Germans, who also wished their moustaches to point skywards. Hence the Schnurrbartbinde, also Herr Haby's invention, and a very profitable one. It is a strip of canvas, which is worn across the upper lip at night after the moustache has been well moistened, and gives the user a very minatory air. From this device the inventor derived a substantial fortune, until the Kaiser lowered the points of his moustache and ruined his friseur's business.

Herr Haby has yet another claim to fame, for it was he who devised the soapless shave, consequent upon a remark of the Kaiser that much time was wasted in lathering. Two days later this gem of a Hof Friseur was able to announce that the wastage had been permanently checked, and the Kaiser for many years has not been submitted to the indignity of soaping.

As the Kaiser's boys grew up, they were sent away to be educated at Ploen, where a strict hand was kept upon them. They were also subject to careful supervision when at home on holiday, but the hand laid on them was always a kindly and just one. "My young ones," as the Kaiser always called them, had a better time than most German boys of their age. The

Crown Prince proved a spirited youth, with strong sporting proclivities. He rode in a steeplechase at Karlshorst, and won a dashing race and a stern rebuke afterwards. A Crown Prince is not intended to end his life in a ditch. He has other duties.

One sees the common sense and justice of it all, and must honour the Kaiser for reproducing in his home all the best features of the ordinary life of the German citizen.

For the Empress he has never failed to show the courteous consideration which might be expected from his public eulogies of his Consort. And these have been many, and very handsome. "The link which unites me to Schleswig-Holstein, and which makes this state dearer to me than any other, is the gem which sparkles by my side, Her Majesty the Empress, a daughter of this province, a model of all the virtues that adorn a German princess."

And again, "Our wives can learn from Queen Louise that the principal task of a woman does not lie in the domain of political meetings and propaganda, but in the quiet duties of the hearth and of the family."

Obedient to his slightest wish, even to dispensing with the jewels which every German



woman loves, the Empress was adamant on one point. She flatly refused to wear any dresses that were not made in Germany, and emphasised to the ladies of the Court her opinion that, if they chose, they could find in Berlin raiment far more becoming and tasteful than in Paris. This led to the Kaiser practising an innocent deception, in which he made the Crown Princess his partner.

Princess Cecilie has always been the most tastefully dressed lady at the German Court, owing to her unswerving adherence to the Parisian modistes. Distressed by some unusually crude specimen of the Berlin modes, the Kaiser asked the Princess if the Kaiserin could not be fitted with a French gown without being aware of the fact. The Princess declared it was quite easy, and entering into the spirit of the thing, obtained one of "Mamma's" best fitting dresses as a model.

In due course the Kaiser explained to the Kaiserin that he wished to present her with a dress of his own selection, a wish which occasioned the Empress no surprise. He also hoped that she would wear it at the gala performance at the opera that evening, and this was done. All her intimates pressed round the Empress,

complimenting her after the German fashion on her very charming gown, to her intense satisfaction.

“Have I not always told you that the prettiest dresses of all are to be obtained in Berlin, if they are only chosen with discretion,” she triumphantly repeated.

The Kaiser and Kaiserin are never happier than when they are able to leave Berlin for a vacation at one of the Kaiser’s estates in the country. Here the Kaiser plays the part of British Squire with great gusto. He tramps about the country-side arrayed in Harris tweed and gaiters, with a big Dutch pipe full of coarse tobacco in his mouth, and a green Tyrolese hat on his head. He likes to catch his men in the early morning, as they begin their work.

“Morgen Kinder” or “Morgen Arbeiter” is his greeting, and they dutifully return him a respectful “Morgen Majestät,” as they get ready to reply to his hundred and one questions, the answers to which he never appears to hear. He is all for big things on his farms; giant rye to astonish the natives, and swollen stangelspargel (asparagus). He is reputed a good judge of stock, but rather too impatient to make a successful orchardist.

Plenty of solid food and beer are consumed by him when in the country, and in the evening an abundance of a brew of lemonade, cunningly compounded by the Empress from orange and lemon juice, and a local mineral water. Long homely evenings with plenty of talk and simple games are the rule. It was at one of his country estates that the Kaiser produced a parcel, announcing that it was "a present from Uncle Edward." This proved to be the game of Ping-pong, then at the zenith of its popularity. Into this game he threw himself with all his heart and soul, but like most devotees of the amusement, tired of it very rapidly.

His library is a small one, for he depends upon his press cuttings for information and reading matter. About six thousand volumes comprise the Kaiser's whole stock of books, and these are mainly works of reference, military tactics, and theology. When Colonel Roosevelt visited him, he was presented by the Kaiser with a number of books, one half of which were theological works; while most of the others were books on military matters; a sure index to the Emperor's tastes.

It is noticed by those around him that, since his sons have arrived at maturity, and more

especially since the Princess Victoria Louise married, the Kaiser has become a much less human man. Not even the society of his consort suffices to compensate him for the “young ones,” whose adolescence has deprived him of what was one of the main pleasures of his life.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE KAISER'S LIGHTER MOMENTS

"The Kaiser has a keen sense of humour."—*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.*

I ONCE had the opportunity of watching a splendid Court function, attended both by the Kaiser and King Edward VII. Both monarchs were the centre of groups, composed of pretty women and distinguished men, and in both groups the conversation appeared to be spirited and amusing. It was noticeable that from the group around the Kaiser laughter followed the Emperor's words, and that the leader in the laughter was the Kaiser himself. At times he was almost boisterous.

There were ripples of amusement from the surrounding of King Edward too, and these frequently followed some remark made by His Majesty. But, though obviously entertained, the English King was not moved to open mirth. His smiles were reserved for the remarks addressed to him. He did not appear to lead the conversation so much as to take an occasional

and very effective part in it. That was an impression gathered at a distance.

The Kaiser reserves his lighter moments for his visits to foreign countries, and for occasions when he is free among his intimates. On his yacht at Kiel, or when squiring at Cadinen, he lets himself go. Then his noisy hilarity is unbounded; and to these occasions he owes the reputation of being the most jovial monarch of Christendom.

He is also merry in the company of the artistic set whose patron he likes to be, and here has earned the reputation of having keen sense of humour. That reputation he is careful shall not pursue him among the business people he meets, or among the middle class professionals, who utterly fail to understand it. With them he is always grave, and austere to the verge of gloom.

I once complained to a German friend, a manufacturer, that he had no sense of humour. His reply to an accusation that would have annoyed any Englishman or American deprived me of the power of further speech. "Why should I have?" he asked simply.

In any case, the German idea of humour is

widely different from our own. A comparison of *Simplicissimus* and *Punch* will serve to mark the contrast. The German paper is often gross, and nearly always cruel; most effectively cruel on occasion. *Punch* is never either gross or cruel, even if it lacks the element of surprise which distinguishes the very funny American humourists.

The Kaiser is known to be a connoisseur in that class of story which in this country is reserved for the smoking-room. He is also convicted of being the most inveterate royal practical joker on record since the time of Nero.

But one cannot help thinking that a really fine sense of humour would prevent his finding his most exquisite amusement in placing his worthy friends and servants in absurd and painful positions, which his exalted rank renders them incapable of resenting. True humour is closely allied to sensibility, and consideration for the feelings of others.

On the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* there is but one caricature, though it has been said that the Kaiser is so amused by caricatures of himself that he has made a large collection of them. The drawing in question represents "Swedish

Drill at Sea," and shows a slim Kaiser leading a squad of fat courtiers and generals at early morning exercise.

Indeed this is the choicest jest the Imperial mind ever devised. During the famous Mediterranean trip it was an every morning occurrence on deck; a band of puffy Geheimräte and obese generals lined up, the Kaiser at the head, and ordered by a stern instructor to "give the right fashion to their bones." The grinning spectators usually included a section of the crew, and the Imperial jester never tired of the joke.

Funnier still was the outcome of one of his best jokes.

The intended victim was a blunt old admiral, renowned for his outspoken comment and his Gargantuan appetite. This old sea-dog was placed next the Kaiser at *mittagessen*, after a long morning in the sharp air. His favourite dish of boiled beef and vegetables was served, and after he had heaped a large plate, the Kaiser began to ply him with sharp questions. Tempting mouthfuls were impaled on his fork, but never reached his mouth. Soon he was talking with the bitter emphasis that had made him celebrated, and everybody else was quietly



eating. In the middle of his remarks, a lackey came to remove his full plate. "Leave it," roared the hungry sailor, at the same time transfixing the servant's hand with the prongs of his fork. Then Majesty realised that his jest had turned out even better than he expected, and his loud Ha! ha! led the chorus of laughter.

Sir Frank Lascelles, a former British Ambassador to Berlin, has recorded another typical instance of Imperial humour. The joke consisted in penetrating to the Ambassador's bedroom while that Minister was still in bed, and sitting on the bedside and conversing for twenty minutes. When the Kaiser prepared to leave, it became necessary for our representative to rise and accompany him to the door, clad only in a pyjama suit. The Kaiser flung the door wide open, roaring "Here's a sight" to the waiting adjutant, a German colonel, who was naturally convulsed at his master's humour.

The Kaiser's love for making others uncomfortable has been turned to shrewd use by some of those with whom he condescends to familiarity, as, for instance, that smart little Jew, Herr Alfred Ballin. "Your Majesty," he said, when rung up one day on the telephone by the

Kaiser, "Your humble servant could not stand before you trembling more abjectly than I do."

"How is that?" asked the Kaiser sharply, scenting some misdemeanour.

"Because I was having a cold bath when your call came through, and stand at the 'phone dripping and shivering."

There was a roar of Imperial laughter as the Kaiser bade him go and dry himself, and then come and see him at once. For the rest of that day the Emperor was in high feather.

When the Kaiser had the post-card craze, he himself designed some comic cards, not very funny perhaps, but he had them reproduced for distribution among his friends. Now the Kaiser's stationery is fearful and wonderful. He affects a light blue paper of beautiful quality, and bearing an elaborate monogram. The sheets are of large size, and are never folded; so that the envelopes which contain his communications are of a goodly size. They are all marked with the instruction "Matter of the highest importance," and very often they do contain matter of importance to the recipients.

Well, the Kaiser made a list of pompous expectant people around the Court, including the impossible candidates for all sorts of distine-

tions, and to each one he addressed one of his funny post cards in one of his portentous envelopes. He had all these communications delivered by hand in the middle of the night, so that every office and title seeker was rung out of his bed to receive the Imperial missive. In many cases a well-deserved rebuke was doubtless administered, but the feelings of worthy servants so bitterly hoaxed and disappointed may also be taken into account. In many cases the Kaiser rubbed it in; in fact, the joke kept the Court guffawing for a week.

One of the victims of the Emperor's keen sense of humour was King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the jest was perpetrated at a time when the Kaiser was his host. King Ferdinand, even as a young man, was not exactly slim, and was always keenly conscious of his own dignity. The incident occurred after a dinner at the castle of Brunswick on a beautiful night, when a magnificent band was playing in the castle grounds. King Ferdinand was leaning far out of a window, in order the better to hear, and displayed a broad and tempting back. Behind him crept the Kaiser, and brought the Mailed Fist down between his shoulders with a resounding thwack.

King Ferdinand turned, furious and red, and when he saw who his assailant was, summoned all his dignity to the occasion. "I pray your Majesty to abstain from practical jokes," he said, and withdrew, refusing to be conciliated. The pair next met in London at the funeral of King Edward but the Bulgarian monarch refused either to forgive or forget. The very sight of William caused him to growl like a sullen bear, though the Kaiser persistently ignored his resentment.

Herr Haby, the good barber who wears the title of Hof Friseur, and shaves the Kaiser once a day, has to be very punctual, for the Kaiser's day is mapped out very carefully beforehand. On one occasion he was a few minutes late, but the Kaiser did not appear to hear his apology. When he came on the next day, his master said carelessly, "By the way, have you still got the gold watch I presented to you?"

"Yes, Majesty, here it is."

"It does not appear to be as good as I thought it was when I purchased it. Please give it to me, and I will replace it with a better one."

The watch was delivered, and poor Herr Haby received in exchange a big nickel affair, costing about two marks.

There is also a very practical side to the jokes the Kaiser plays on his business friends. He once invited a party of them to drink beer with him one evening, and deftly introduced the subject of one of the Imperial schemes which required money for its execution. He followed this with a subscription list, which he handed to Herr Thyssen, the iron King, an old fellow who is careful of his pence. With a wry face Thyssen wrote himself down for £5,000, and returned the list.

“Oh, this will never do,” said the Kaiser, glancing at it, “when I come to pass it to some of our friends here, who will come lower down, they will be ashamed to give such small sums as their proportion will represent. You must double it, at least.”

Some time later there was another beer drinking, and another subscription list. When a third invitation was sent round, the victims took counsel among themselves. The result was that when the Kaiser entered the room, and begged them to be seated, they remained standing; while Thyssen silently turned out his breeches pocket, showing that it was empty.

“Oh, is that the matter?” laughed the Kaiser, “well, gentlemen, the beer is free to-night.”

Perhaps the best test of a sense of humour is the bearing of the humourist when the joke is against himself.

On the occasion of one of the Kaiser's visits to this country, the Eton boys met him at Windsor station, and unharnessing the horses from the carriage, dragged him up to the Castle themselves. The Kaiser saw a good chance to make a speech, and rose while the unharnessing was going on. He had just explained what a pleasure it was for him to visit "dear Grandmamma," when all arrangements were completed. Off went the equipage, causing the Emperor to sit down with disconcerting suddenness.

That would have been a very good time to laugh, but the Kaiser was as black as thunder. Indeed, he has never since been able to endure the sight of a boy in a short jacket and a shabby tall hat.

By way of contrast, a scene on Epsom race-course is worth recalling. One of King George's race-horses had just won, amid a storm of cheers; and the jockey was an unconscionably long time in returning to the paddock to weigh in. During the expectant lull a voice was raised in banter, a big voice from one of the cheap

rings, a voice roughened by many years of calling the odds. The banter was none too delicate, but just the sort of rough chaff a British open-air crowd loves. And the subject was the King.

Instinctively all eyes turned to the spot where he stood among his noblemen, and it was seen that he was convulsed by an uncontrollable fit of jolly British laughter. The group round him was similarly affected, and from the 100,000 people present a roar went up to the open sky. A king and his subjects joining in honest mirth at a joke against Royalty, a fine sight for the breezy British downs.

Now, would the Kaiser's sense of humour have permitted him to laugh in public at a joke against himself? The answer, as they say in the House of Commons, is in the vernacular.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE VAIN KAISER

“Vanity, Vanity! There is nothing in him but Vanity.”  
—*Herr Bebel.*

LUDWIG GANGHOFER, the Bavarian novelist whom the Kaiser admires, had one trying experience with him. The Kaiser brought to him a poem he had himself written, and asked that he should criticise it. It was frankly a bad piece of work; probably it did not scan. Ganghofer prepared to break the fact to William gently, by remarking, “The poem seems to require alteration in certain respects,” when he found the Kaiser gazing at him in unaffected amazement.

With a puzzled face the Kaiser took the poem and read it through. Then his brow cleared. “Oh, I see,” he said, “it requires my signature.” And calling for a pen, he perfected the work.

Now that is the story of a man who is full of personal vanity, and not merely a man swollen with the importance of his position as autocrat of a great Empire. Not that the Kaiser ever overlooked the latter fact.



One day he needed a knife to cut the end of his cigar, and a young officer handed him one. "Keep that," he said in returning it, "and preserve it carefully. One day it will be historic."

But his personal vanity shouts aloud in a thousand characteristics. It proclaims itself in the fashion of his moustache, in his love for uniforms, and in the importance he attaches to them and to titles. He could find no better way of expressing his resentment at Great Britain when the war broke out, than by renouncing his titles, and returning his British uniforms. He sent a message to that effect to the British Ambassador in Berlin before the war was many hours old. "His Majesty begs that you will tell the King that he has been proud of the titles of British Field Marshall and British Admiral, but that in consequence of what has occurred, he must now at once divest himself of those titles."

The uniforms have duly been returned, but the Kaiser is still able to wear more different uniforms than any other man in the history of the world.

He is entitled to wear 150 different kinds of foreign uniform alone, while the variety of German uniforms he can assume brings the total up to well over 500. A whole suite of apartments,

full of wardrobes, is devoted at Potsdam to the housing of the Kaiser's uniforms, and he often wears ten or a dozen uniforms in the course of a day. If, for instance, he were receiving a distinguished Russian in uniform, he would put on one of his thirty Russian uniforms for the occasion; and so on.

It is not surprising to learn that he has the privilege, in some honorary capacity, of wearing the uniform of every regiment in the German Army. It is amazing to find, though, that he cherishes this privilege and exercises it.

A story was circulated in Paris that the Crown Prince one day found him about to go out, attired in the full dress uniform of a German admiral, and asked with some curiosity where he was going. "To the Aquarium," replied the Kaiser. I am assured from Germany that this story is a foul and malicious untruth.

It is true, however, that when the flying arm was added to the German Army, the Kaiser did not lose a day in designing a new uniform for the aviation branch, and that he claimed the privilege of being the first person to wear it.

Of decorations he has no less than 323, and he puts a due value on them all. He also attaches tremendous importance to the personal gift of

a decoration, and thinks such an honour, coming from him, far outweighs many considerations more solid in character. This was discovered by an unfortunate musical instrument maker of Markneukirchen.

This good man contrived a motor-horn which sounded four separate notes of surpassing clearness and beauty. He was so pleased with his invention that he had a fine silver model made, and sent it to the Emperor. It was tried on the Imperial motor-car, and pleased the owner so much that he said that he would personally decorate the clever inventor.

In conferring the decoration, the Kaiser made a gracious little speech, in which he stated that he was so pleased with the new motor-horn that, as a mark of his extreme favour, he would reserve it for his own exclusive use. Probably it has not yet dawned upon him that the enterprising musical instrument maker might much prefer to draw the profits from the sale of a motor-horn "as used by the Kaiser." His colossal vanity prevents such a consideration from occurring to him.

The Kaiser used to have his "civil" clothes made in London, and was very particular about the cut and fit of them. He thinks he looks best,

when out of uniform, in Harris tweeds, and they certainly suit his figure and complexion. There is one tweed suit which he received not long ago which certainly contains something he has not reckoned for. The tailor who made the coat was a pronounced socialist, and requiring some padding for the shoulders, laid his hand upon a copy of the Socialist newspaper *Justice*. It seemed an appropriate padding for such a garment, so in it went, and there it probably remains to this day.

Long before King Edward made the Homburg hat popular in this country, it was the favourite headgear of the Kaiser when out of uniform. He is an amateur of neckties, and once confessed to the ownership of 18,000. He wears his clothes with the air of a man who still courts the opinion the world may choose to form as to his personal appearance.

One of the bugbears of his existence springs from the prevailing German fashions and customs with clothes, more especially among the men. For years the Kaiser has been trying to get his men to conform to the ordinary conventions concerning clothing, and has made the most rigid rules, and given the most elaborate instructions on this point.

It has not been of the slightest use. A German of good social standing will cheerfully don evening dress to attend a wedding ceremony, but the evening celebration of the festivities will find him beaming in the foyer of the opera, in all the glory of a frock suit, bowler hat, and vivid yellow boots. He says this is "bequem," convenient; to the utter stranger it is sometimes a little startling.

The Kaiser's vanity has prevented his attaining anything like the average girth of the meanest of his middle-aged subjects. When a young man, he marked a certain hole in his belt, and decided that beyond that he would not permit his waist to expand. Although constitutionally inclined to stoutness and a hearty eater of German food, his active habits have enabled him to keep his resolution.

He is unaffectedly distressed at the stoutness of his subjects; it seems to reflect upon him. He is always counselling them to take down their weight. "More sport, less beer," he says to the students, who take no notice. "Less of sweet food," he urges upon the young women, but they will not listen.

If he does not like fat people, he likes big things. His visiting cards are the largest

known; six inches by four. When the plans for a German monument in South-west Africa were discussed, the Kaiser wanted an elephant; but the sculptors did not consider an elephant suitable. In the difference of opinion, the monument was allowed to remain unerected.

When the Kaiser visited Hamburg on one occasion, his sharp eyes fell upon the railway station, and he frowned. "We want a new railway station here," he said to the Burgomaster, and described with his right arm an arc of the sky. This is a characteristic gesture with him, especially of recent years. It indicates vastness. He attended to the Hamburg railway station himself; it is certainly big and convenient beyond the dreams of a traveller in Great Britain.

The first statue of himself the Kaiser permitted to be erected in Germany stands on a bridge that crosses the Rhine at Cologne. It weighs four and a half tons.

His vanity compels him to many unworthy poses, one of which is that of a man more erudite than he really is. One story is innocently told by Professor Van't Hoff, a dear old Dutchman who won the Nobel prize for chemistry. He was then at Amsterdam University,

but the honour won him a very good appointment at Berlin.

Van't Hoff is the man who knows more about the Aurora Borealis than anybody else on the face of the earth. He has specialised through a long and useful life in the peculiarities of this Arctic phenomenon. The surest way to his good graces is to speak well of the Aurora Borealis.

Soon after the professor arrived in Berlin, he was invited to the Palace and entertained by the Kaiser and Crown Prince, *en famille*. The conversation soon chanced to turn upon the Aurora Borealis, and the excellent professor was amazed to find how much both his hosts knew of that interesting winter display. They were able to speak of his own interesting theories, and to deride as mere charlatanism the wild speculations of other writers on the same topic. The professor has recorded that he was filled with admiration and pleasure at the interesting way in which the Emperor spoke of these things.

By no means so easy a victim was Herr von Troft du Solz, the Prussian Minister of Education, who accompanied the Kaiser on a trip in Rhineland. At Treves the Kaiser turned

sharply to him and asked, "What Roman Legions were stationed here?"

Troft du Solz knew the answer, for a very good reason. One of his subordinates in the department had been called upon for some information for the Kaiser only a few days before the trip started, and it covered the very point on which the Kaiser was now questioning him. But he bravely said he didn't know.

"The 20th and 21st Legions were stationed here," said Majesty, and every one looked respectful admiration.

Such a man would naturally be ready at a moment's notice to fill a rôle for which he had no qualification whatever. His genuine interest in all the fine arts accounts naturally for the prominence he has given to them throughout his life. But only an inordinate vanity could compel him to pose as an exponent of each in turn, and gravely to give lessons to experts of the very highest order.

It is nothing to him to show a conductor the due interpretation of a musical passage, or a ballet mistress some intricate dance steps. Reference is made elsewhere to this side of his character.

One finds him equally immersed in much less



interesting trifles. He once took some interest in the establishment of a brick-kiln on his estate at Cadinen, and helped in the early stages of the working of the plant. Later he arranged an important ceremony at the brickyard, nothing less than his own investiture as "Ehrenziegeleimeister," that is, honorary master brickmaker. And it was a very grave and solemn ceremony.

His vanity has recently made him pose as the stern man who never smiles, a pose maintained now for some years before the public. Once, when being photographed, he was constrained to smile at the rather imperious instructions issued to him by the photographer. When the proof was shown to him, it was discovered that he was represented with a slight smile. His apprehension was at once aroused, and he never rested until the plate of the photograph had been destroyed in his presence.

One of the small things that might amuse another King, but embitters his existence, is the presence in Berlin of an exact double of himself, who is a chimney-sweep. The reproduction of this man's picture in the daily papers—and this is constantly occurring—is the prelude to one of the Kaiser's bad days.

His vanity has its tragic as well as its amus-

ing side. For him his physical affliction is a bitter thing to bear, but his own resolution and skill have made it almost unnoticeable. Long ago he learned to make his right hand do the work of both, and he manages so deftly that an American writer once wrote of him, in a burst of enthusiasm, "He is the only man in the world who can eat lobster gracefully with but one hand."

## CHAPTER IX

### THE KULTUR-KAISER

“Like a young hunting-dog, nosing about from one thing to another.”—*Bismarck*.

“The Princes of the West were the patrons of German culture; the Hohenzollerns were the political teachers and taskmasters.”—*von Buelow*.

THERE is no question I am more frequently asked in these days than this:—“But what do they mean by always talking about their culture?” Americans understand easily enough, especially those who hail from the neighbourhood of Boston, Mass., but the root idea of *kultur* is somehow repugnant to an Englishman. This is a country where the deliberate encouragement of the arts and sciences is pooh-poohed, and where the State concerns itself least of all with such matters as drama and music. British concern for creative art and literature is occasionally shown by the granting of some beggarly pension to the starving dependants of a dead genius, but no more than that is done.

It has already been stated that the Kaiser supports three large theatres; I believe he supports

more than that, but cannot at the moment make sure of the details. He does not support them because he wishes to make money out of them, or because the theatre is a pet hobby of his own—though he is more than a little interested in the theatre—but because he believes the theatre is an institution worthy of State patronage.

When a German asks me why Shakespeare is not more frequently played on our stage, and I tell him that Shakespeare spells ruin to the manager, he simply does not understand. He does not understand in the first place that the presentation of Shakespeare is left to private enterprise in the rich and educated country that produced him; nor does he understand that British theatre-goers are so little “cultured” that they deliberately stay away from the theatre when a play of Shakespeare is on the boards. To a German Shakespeare is one of our great national possessions; one of the few things they really envy us.

This may not serve altogether to illustrate what the German means by culture, and though it is difficult to indulge in broad generalisations, I think I may venture to say that the average German is really fond of good music. Often he is a good performer himself; he is nearly al-

ways an excellent listener. He would be ashamed not to be able to appreciate these things, it is part of his teaching as well as his instinct to like them.

The German goes farther than that. He makes a duty of many things we regard as pleasures for those who like them, and things to be avoided by those who do not. Methodical, and keen to learn, the German early recognises that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things, and only the right way appeals to him. This perpetual search for the right way is a branch of his endless topic of "kultur."

I once mentioned in a German house that my only claim to athletic distinction had been won as an oarsman, and at once brought one of the youths present to my side. Nothing would satisfy him but that I should visit his rowing club at Wannsee, and give my opinion upon it. Well, it was a more perfectly arranged place than anything of the kind I had ever seen; full of all sorts of ingenious devices for getting the boats in and out of the water, and diagrams showing the anatomically correct positions and the wrong positions in rowing. It was really an object lesson in organisation.

Then he took me out upon a balcony overlook-

ing the water, and showed me an eight-oared crew just returning to the shed. He said the men were training for a regatta, and were credited with much "kultur." "What did I think?" The best I could say was that no one of them seemed to row any worse than the others; for a more wooden exhibition of oarsmanship it would be hard to imagine.

But it is not only by encouraging all forms of art and by talking about "kultur," in connexion with every conceivable subject that the Germans have earned a reputation as a cultured race. In the days before the materialistic era of the German Empire, Germany produced a long line of great musicians, poets, writers, and artist craftsmen that entitle the country to the claim so boldly made. It is worthy of note that these great men were the product of the Southern States, and of the free cities of the West; and that Prussia can lay little claim to any share in the sum of Germany's culture product. It is further noticeable that since the era of industrial progress, the race of intellectual giants seems dead in Germany; and that culture there is confined to an intense appreciation of all forms of art, good and bad as well; and to creative efforts that are either frankly mediocre; or,

as in the case of the music of Richard Strauss, left for the verdict of another generation, since the present one is so fully divided in opinion.

Early in his reign the Kaiser took German culture under his wing, with results that were sometimes ludicrous. He has said many shrewd things and few stupid ones about art. He has done some amazingly foolish things in his desire to show that, as an exponent of German culture, he can add performance to understanding and appreciation. It must be said for him that one section of Germans has encouraged him in this course by praise that either says little for their veracity, or condemns them for rank bad taste. But the most nauseous German flatterers have had their rivals in this country, as any one may assure himself who cares to turn up the files of the London daily papers of the day succeeding the performance of his preposterous "Hymn to Aegir," at Covent Garden Opera House. Nor was there in this country a section of critics, as in Germany, to say frankly that the composition was formless, and mediocre to the verge of flatness.

Anybody really interested in the Kaiser's artistic performance may be referred to a book published in 1907 by Professor Seidel, entitled

*Der Kaiser und die Kunst*, profusely illustrated with masterpieces from the Imperial pencil and brush. The Kaiser once studied art under Professor Salzmann, and to that painter he afterwards sent a seapiece for criticism. In due course the critic's remarks reached the Kaiser; they were so carefully worded that the Imperial artist at once telegraphed back, "What does wind too anxious mean? Is it so stormily painted that you shuddered at it, or is it not stormy enough?"

In Professor Seidel's book may be found a reproduction of one of the Emperor's most famous pictures, entitled the German vine. It is a crude production, but interesting, since it shows all the nations of the earth sheltering gratefully under the German vine of culture.

The Kaiser's interest in the theatre has already been mentioned; he really takes a regal view of his theatrical responsibilities. In an address delivered to the actors and actresses at the Royal Schauspielhaus he defined his position with uncompromising exactness.

"When I succeeded to the throne I was convinced and had firmly determined that the Royal theatre, like the schools and the universities,



must be an instrument of the monarch. . . . The theatre is also one of my weapons."

One of his hereditary positions is that of titular theatrical censor, a position he has not hesitated to use, when occasion arose. He is further a stickler for correctness in all things theatrical. On one occasion, during the performance of one of Shakespeare's plays, he thought he noticed some liberty taken with the text, and sent for the manager. The event proved that he was correct, the German exponents of culture had interpolated four lines by Dugelstaedt in order to make the meaning of a passage clearer. I confess with shame that I do not know who Dugelstaedt is, but the Kaiser knew. "One does not take liberties with Shakespeare," he thundered, and the offending Dugelstaedt had to be excised.

Some of his theatrical dicta are worth reproducing, if only for their shrewdness and common sense. For instance, "The working classes do not like plays dealing with unemployment or strikes, but dramas of history and romance." He also said about opera, "Glueck is the man for me; Wagner is too noisy."

His theatrical enterprises cost him something

like £75,000 a year, but he does not mind that nowadays. He has designed dresses for Verdi's *Aida*, and among the ballet productions supervised and dressed by him are two masterpieces, *Coppelia* and *Corfu*. It is stated that once on his yacht at Kiel he obliged his guests with a spirited rendering of a British hornpipe, but I prefer not to believe this.

He has certainly shown himself possessed of a rare sense of dramatic fitness. Once, when he was shooting, that rare European animal an elk fell to his rifle. He at once instructed the huntsmen to sound an "elk call." It was an awkward moment for the chief huntsman, who had to confess that his men knew no elk call, and feared that Majesty would have to content himself with the ordinary deer call. "Wait a few minutes," said William, "and I will write you an elk call." And he did, to the supreme satisfaction of every German present.

One of his more recent achievements was to write and compose eight marching songs for the army. That was before the war.

Architecture and statuary interest him even more than music, pictures, and the theatre. Some of the buildings he has designed and erected have merits, both in style and conveni-

ence; but of recent years he has been possessed with a passion for bigness. He is not alone among Germans of the twentieth century in this respect; indeed, if there is one thing more monotonous than anything else about recent German taste it is this passion for huge things. It finds its outward and most forbidding expression in such statues as the monstrous Bismarck "denkmal" at Hamburg, an immense misshapen mass of stone that stands on a commanding eminence in that beautiful city, and depresses the visitor by its sheer size and ugliness.

Whether the Kaiser is himself responsible for this passion for things that are *kolossal* in modern Germany, or whether he is only the outward sign of a craze that has bitten a whole race, would be difficult to determine. It is certain that of recent years the German finds an outlet for his cultured soul in sheer vastness, whether it be in meals or mailboats. "Not big enough" is the hardest criticism a German can pass upon anything. The same passion is in evidence in America, where nature has shown the way, and where big things often seem only in keeping with the atmosphere and physical aspect of the country. But in Germany it constantly jars.

It is one phase of the culture which has followed in the wake of the material prosperity resulting from the new régime of William II in Germany. Another expression of the same materialism is the ambition of Berlin to compete with Paris for the reputation of being a pleasure city. "A night out" in Berlin is a portentous business, for which the ordinary visitor needs to undergo a course of training. A theatre, a music-hall, a visit to the Blumensale, and two suppers of the most substantial kind usually find the German reveller inclined for a game of cards at two o'clock in the morning, though in accordance with the energetic German custom, nine o'clock will find him doing business in his office. And this also is culture.

If the Kaiser were not constantly talking about "kultur," one would be less ready to blame him for the degradation which German ideals have recently undergone. As it is, he must take his share for the gross materialism and empty display which is the hall-mark of the ultra-modern German culture.

## CHAPTER X

### WHAT GERMANS THINK OF THE KAISER

"As half a German he has not much love for the Germans, and is not loved by them."—*Hermann Obrist*.

"SIXTY million Germans; seventy million opinions," scrawled the Kaiser on the margin of a press cutting which displeased him. He has a very neat way of putting things sometimes.

Of recent years,—and especially since the Kaiser confided in the London *Daily Telegraph*—it is hard to get a good word for the Kaiser from any German. Young Germans and old ones, peaceful Germans and fire-eaters, workmen and artists, have all caught the knack of grumbling at him. He can do or say nothing to please them. They nag at him in season and out.

This, of course, before the declaration of war. One gathers that, since that event, he has taken the place he covets as national demi-God. His reception in Berlin after the outbreak of the

war, and the reference made to him in German papers that were formerly his most severe critics, point to that conclusion.

From the very beginning of his reign, he has been subjected to a public and private criticism that nothing could check. His acts, his character, his speeches, lend themselves to the critics; and the German race is a critical one, most unfairly so in many respects.

Conscious of his own good intentions, and confident in his ability to execute them, the Kaiser used formerly to resent this criticism very bitterly. To check it he had recourse to the very drastic law against high treason, and many of his subjects found themselves arraigned for *Lèse majesté* because of utterances of a very trivial nature. Sentences aggregating to 30,000 years' imprisonment have been passed by the German courts in the endeavour to prevent Germans from saying and writing nasty things about their Emperor. The deterrent effect was not apparent; the offence seemed rather to thrive upon this treatment.

In newspapers of all shades of opinion—save only those that are official or semi-official,—in every gathering, whether public or private, in the Reichstag itself, his acts were criticised in a

manner that would surprise the people of a country such as this.

Some of this criticism was as undeserved as it was tasteless and spiteful. For instance, the musical, theatrical and art critics of Berlin seemed in a tacit conspiracy to pooh-pooh everything the Kaiser took in hand. If it were known that he was particularly interested in the production of a new opera, that opera was certain to be unmercifully "slated" when the critics had got to work upon it. Open sneers at his dramatic productions, the pictures he liked, and the sculptures he praised were the rule rather than the exception.

To a stranger, the Germans, and especially the artistic set, exhibited themselves in a very unamiable light when the name of the Kaiser was mentioned. But they had endured years of hectoring and lecturing from him, on subjects about which they knew very much more than he, and possibly their attitude was only a natural one.

The Germans who put pen to paper in criticism of their Emperor would naturally be of the writing and artistic class, and some of their printed opinions are amazing in their frankness and brutal directness.

“The Kaiser,” writes Hermann Obrist, a well-known sculptor, “is himself half an Englishman, and is fully misunderstood by them; as half a German, he has not much love for the Germans, and is not loved by them.

“To many of us the Kaiser is a tragic figure. Restless, tireless, homeless, he takes a passionate interest in ‘great art,’ dedicates monuments and buildings, opens and visits Exhibitions, and, in spite of all, makes speeches which could only have been delivered by one of a thoroughly inartistic nature—or worse, by one who entertains the art views of the seventies, the worst known.

“He loves and inspires his army as few kings before him have done, yet many of his officers fear nothing so much as that at the outbreak of war he will attempt to take command.”

More subtle is the method of Ernst von Wolzogen, a famous writer:

“The magnificent display with which he surrounds himself, his speeches, the fabulous quickness with which his alert mind grasps anything new, must naturally make a deep impression, and the touch of fantastic romanticism in all his utterances must lend him a poetic charm, even in the eyes of the sober humanity of to-day.



“We have in our Kaiser a Banner-bearer—not merely decorative, but physically tireless and enthusiastic in his performance of his duties—whom all the world envies us. That the Banner-bearer should also be an intellectual Commander-in-chief is, perhaps, too much to ask, especially in our time.”

This was followed by a cartoon, in which the prominent men in Berlin’s artistic world were represented as boys indulging in a game of soldiers, from which the Kaiser had retired in a pet, saying, “Don’t want to be a Banner-bearer.”

“He is separated from his people by a Chinese wall,” complains Dr. Bruno Wille, one of Germany’s many philosophers; who goes on to say: “The knightly and noble elements in him, his wholesome family life, his tireless idealism, and the long maintenance of peace, are worthy of recognition, but how pitiable is the dependence of his Government upon Centrists, Junkers and money magnates.”

Another Herr professor, Ludwig Gurlitt, casts his stone after the following fashion:

“Kaiser Wilhelm has a high opinion of the political possibilities of his people. It is painful to be obliged to say that he stands in antag-

onism to the majority of independent intellectual leaders. He regards his people, the masses, as children not yet of age, and thinks the Government competent to prescribe the course of their social and cultural development—a profound and fatal mistake! That the sovereign shall decide for his subjects in matters of science, art and faith is a mediæval idea.”

“The Kaiser’s relation to art,” writes Dr. Adolf Behne, an art critic, “is this, that he regards himself as the leader of art development, whereas he stands wholly apart from it.”

A final opinion must be given, as it comes from the theatrical critic, Hans von Huelsen, who is nearly related to Graf von Huelsen, the intendant of Germany’s Royal theatres. He declares that the Kaiser’s theatrical activities have been wholly for the bad, and that the houses under the Kaiser’s control are on a much lower plane than the good theatres under private management.

Coming from well-known and responsible men, all this necessarily appears to the English reader pretty strong meat. In this country, as I once said to a German friend, we lower our voices when we wish to say we do not altogether

like the Albert Memorial. The retort came pat, "The Kaiser swears it is beautiful."

If the things quoted above are written and published, some idea may be gained of what is said in private about the German Emperor. Frankly, the Germans are detestable when they discuss their monarch; it is a sneaking disloyalty that has an element of danger behind it. If a stranger, and especially an Englishman, chances to join the chorus with a jocular remark, it is remembered against him. It is safer to interfere in a quarrel between drunken husband and wife. And they have taken the Crown Prince to their bosoms.

The Crown Prince is the youthful Kaiser, minus the brains and plus the taste for dissipation, which was reflected by the officers of the German Army who have occupied the Champagne country of France. His musical and dramatic taste is limited by the class of comic opera which has recently afflicted Berlin, a gross and decadent offspring of the *Merry Widow*. He habitually consorts with high-born boors, though not a boor himself, either by nature or by training. He has passed his thirtieth year, and has not yet given any sign of real excellence, except his ability to win a steeplechase.

Yet he has assumed the rôle of Henry Hotspur with a certain deftness, and plays it with a dash that cannot be denied. He has won the hearts of the masses by impulsive and generous acts, such as might have been expected of his father's son. He is dear to the Army, hand-in-glove with Junkerdom, and feared and detested by the money magnates of the Empire. They have had good reason for their fear of him.

This is the idol Germany set up in the place of the brilliant, eloquent Kaiser. Germany is about to pay a bitter price for the choice.

## CHAPTER XI

### WHAT THE KAISER THINKS OF THE GERMANS

"Germany would be worse off, but Germans better off, without him."—*Kappmann*.

Two things must be borne in mind when considering the Kaiser's attitude to the people of Germany. The first is, that he is the type of the new Germany, which considers only results. In obtaining those results, it is necessary that the highest organisation should be employed. And in Germany the highest organisation is based on a consideration of human beings in the mass, and not as individuals. The Kaiser thinks of his people, as some financiers think of money, in millions.

The other consideration is the fact that the Kaiser believes implicitly in his divine right to rule Germany, in small things as in great. He is not the first, but the latest, and possibly the last example of a ruler with his soul made callous by that belief. He will probably go down to history as the irrefutable proof that a despot-

ism, benevolent in big things, is the worst curse that could afflict the individuals of a race.

The effect of thinking in quantities of human beings produces the most staggering impression that the visitor gets of German life to-day. The economic necessities of the country demand that so many millions of Germans should be retained for agricultural production. They are consequently retained, in some places under conditions that are feudal in their antiquity. Poland is to be Germanized, and the German Poles are consequently treated as a huge mass of human material on which the German leaven is to work.

All the problems of life are treated in the same systematic, machine-like way. Poverty, old age, unemployment are dealt with rigidly and in the mass. They are dealt with effectively, to all outward appearance, but inhumanly.

This inhumanity peeps out everywhere in the everyday life of Germany. It has blazed forth in the supreme trial of war. A position can be taken, say the German Army theorists, in two days by the expenditure of 50,000 men. It could be taken in a week by the loss of one-third as many. The time is worth it, there are still

enough men when those are lost; therefore spend the men.

On this equation of material result with human life, human suffering, and human effort, all the schemes of the Kaiser are based. At the end of twenty-five years of his reign, he reviewed the progress of Germany during that period, and was justly proud of the accomplishment. He said this had been done by Germany, by the aid of God, and under the direction of the Kaiser. But he said no word to show that he realised that Germans had done this by suffering and long toil and ceaseless effort, by deprivation and tireless energy, by sacrificing the present for the future.

“He regards his people as children not yet of age,” complained Ludwig Gurlitt. He would have been more accurate had he said the Emperor regarded his people as so much plastic material, to be shaped to his will. In the big things, this habit has converted Germany into a highly effective machine, producing remarkable results. In the smaller things, it has been followed by consequences that are both tragic and comical. The broad aspects of modern Germany have been treated in many recent books with a fullness and accuracy that should make

them familiar to the general reader in this country. But some of the small things have worked out in a way that is very interesting and amusing.

The Kaiser did not like the table manners of his people, and set out to improve them. He issued a set of instructions: not to tuck a serviette under the chin, how to take soup, and so forth. Of course this was published far and wide over the face of the earth, to the vast annoyance of the great proportion of Germans whose manners are beyond such reproach at table. The Kaiser had imposed on the whole of his people a reputation which was only earned by a part.

Beside, the effect desired was not produced. Many young Germans are as correct about such things as are the people of any other country. But Germans, when they pass middle age, get slacker than the folk of other lands; possibly because they are led such a hard life when they are young. They want to be *gemuetlich*, comfortable, easy-going; and no rules of the Kaiser will prevent them. That is the reason that when a stranger enters the Kaiser Keller, or Kempinsky's, or any other of the great barns they call restaurants in Berlin, he is at a loss to



account for the labial, lapping noise that is so audible, until he realises that it signifies the German assimilation of soup.

The Kaiser also issued a sumptuary edict prescribing what clothes were to be worn, and the exact use of evening dress. It called the attention of the whole world to things about German manners that most outsiders would never have known, and angered all the Germans who are correct about such things. His edict certainly made a difference, but did not affect the large cultured class, who are neither conventional nor Bohemian.

When he came to the classes, and applied to them his mass treatment, the Kaiser blundered more painfully still. His views about most things are sound and admirably expressed, but he could not help lumping the people who did not require them with those who needed them most. He treated artists, sculptors, musicians and actors in the mass, and bitterly antagonised the individual.

He is particularly fond of statues, and has them made by the score. The Sieges Allee in the Berlin Tiergarten is an evidence of this taste; it was all done at his own expense. Those statues were the work of a variety of artists, but

the Kaiser did not desire that any of them should be better than the others. Uniformity of treatment was his avowed object, and it can be said that none of those statues is any worse or better, as an object of art, than its fellows. But the effect on the artists themselves can be imagined.

As a theatrical manager, he has lumped actors as a class, and resents the fact that some of those he wants for his theatres prefer to play to American audiences, where discrimination in values and in salaries can be assured. As an art patron, he takes much the same view of artists and pictures. And these things serve to account for the opinion of the Kaiser held by the large professional class of Germany.

At one time the Kaiser resented this opinion as the blackest ingratitude. "I have suffered much ingratitude from artists," he complained to Satzmann, "although I have tried to create for them a good position. I have treated them to good prices."

More recently, however, he has ignored their criticism, and taken his own way, with a lofty scorn that has something regally magnificent about it. He is quite sure that he knows best, in art, as in everything pertaining to the de-

velopment of Germany. In fact there are no German artists to be considered, only German art.

Not very long ago there was a competition among German architects for the design of the new German embassy at Washington. A jury, including Herr von Jagow, Foreign Minister, Count Bernstorff, American Ambassador, and a number of leading German architects was constituted to judge the 270 designs submitted. They awarded the prize to a design by Herr Moehring. This design did not please the Kaiser, who said it was not suitable to harmonise with the architecture of Washington. He also rejected the other 270 designs, and appointed Herr von Ihne, the Court architect, to attend to the matter properly. That meant a design in which the ideas of the Kaiser would be fully prominent.

More recently still, he had plans made for a gigantic new Royal opera house in Berlin, to cost over £1,000,000. The designs did not please many people, including the Chief Burgo-master of Berlin, and objections were raised. They were waived aside by William, with the remark that, as he was to pay the piper, he was entitled to call his own tune. The retort that the

municipality of Berlin would have to bear nearly one-half the cost passed by him unheeded. It is his way of showing what he thinks of the Germans; they simply don't know.

Of course, he has his own way. There was a building in one of the suburbs of Berlin, which was surmounted by a sort of lightning rod, at the top of which was a huge gilt circle, like a magnified motor-sign. It was explained that the plans of the building were submitted to the Kaiser, and returned by him with a mark of this description projecting from the corner tower; a stroke and then a circle. Nobody knew what it meant, and nobody cared to ask him at the time.

The addition was accordingly made, in supposed regard to his wish, and very odd it looked. Some intelligent official saw it when it was finished, and succeeded in finding out what the Kaiser had really wanted. It turned out that he thought the tower too squat, and had marked the plan for a higher tower.

The question of the moment was, who was going to pay for the necessary alteration, and whether it could be executed before the Kaiser came that way.

Contempt—it is nothing else—on the side of the Kaiser, and a bitter resentment of it on the part of thinking Germans, have caused the Emperor and his subjects to drift very far apart. One result has been a distrust of his people by the Kaiser.

One day I stood with a very loyal German in the Tiergarten, and watched the Kaiser ride by. He was by himself, in front of his attendant suite, and he rode a great black charger. The reins were gathered in his left hand, and he looked at the gazing people with a bitter look of despite. His right hand moved restlessly about, as my friend pointed out. “He is ready to grip his revolver,” was the explanation. “He always carries one, and he is always like that in Berlin.” That statement is generally believed.

Now the Kaiser has had a remarkable immunity from attempts upon his life. Once, early in his reign, bombs were sent to him and to his Chancellor of the moment, Caprivi; a mysterious affair which has never yet been explained. But, otherwise, the record of attempts upon the Kaiser includes only a few lunatic acts of no importance or significance.

Whatever may be the faults of the German people, they do not readily stoop to the crime of political assassination.

Their faults are many, but to understand their relations with their Emperor and with the outside world, a closer inspection of their achievements becomes necessary.

## CHAPTER XII

### WHAT IS GERMANY?

“Wherever the German eagle has thrust his talons into a country, that country is German, and will remain German.”  
—*The Kaiser*.

WHAT is Germany, and who are the Germans?

The question is not so easy to answer as, on the face of it, it ought to be. As I write, the German Empire includes a liberal slice of Poland, a whole province of Denmark, and the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. On the other hand, if language, race and customs count in the making of a nation, there are in Europe some twenty million Germans who live beyond the frontiers of the Empire. This includes the very genuine Germans, who inhabit the German cantons of Switzerland, and the inhabitants of the greater part of Austria proper.

When I have visited Germany—and before the outbreak of hostilities I did so frequently, and for fairly long periods—I always returned

impressed with a sneaking fear that I and all my fellow-Britons were Germans too. Very degenerate and uncultured Germans, of course, but Germans of sorts. If I was not entirely convinced, it was not the fault of the learned doctors and writers, who never fail to impress on the friendly Englishman his share in the glories of Germany. They mean it, in a very friendly way.

I will not trouble my readers here, or hereafter, with a recapitulation of all the ingenious arguments which lie behind the German claim that all the Anglo-Saxon races, and the Scandinavians and Dutch as well, are but branches of the race of which the Germans are the bright and shining examples. I could repeat them, if I wished; for I have heard them so often, and at such wearisome length. I refrain, but I would like to emphasise the fact that they are genuinely and firmly held. There is no more ardent upholder of this belief than the Kaiser himself.

Yet the German Empire is the newest of the great powers, much newer than the United States of America, and little older than the Dominion of Canada. There was something like a United Germany in the early Middle



Ages, as the result of the statesmanship and warlike skill of that great monarch, Charlemagne. But, owing to the unfortunate geographical position of Germany, it disintegrated; just as the fortunate position of the British Isles permitted the gradual welding of the four little kingdoms and the mixed races dwelling there into the British nation, mother of one great Empire.

One glance at the map will reveal much of the misfortune of Germany's geographical position. The Empire presents a portion of its frontier to almost every European nation, and has less of seacoast in proportion to its area than any other maritime power. Contrast the British Islands, with no frontier to defend against a neighbour, and an enormous extent of coastline in proportion to its area. Germany was severely handicapped in the very dawn of civilisation.

Pressure of unfriendly neighbours, and that vast religious schism known as the Protestant Reformation, divided the Germany of Charlemagne into nearly three hundred little warring States and principalities. Each was ruled by a boorish, illiterate princeling. Each contributed representatives to a sort of Parliament—the

Diet of the Empire—in which the spiritual power had a large share of representation.

It required more than a common force to extinguish the bulk of these petty principalities, and to weld the rest into the fabric of Empire we now know as Germany. The force was the edge of the sword, and it was applied by the warrior State of Prussia. From Frederick the Great to Wilhelm II, the kings of Prussia have been, without exception, warrior kings. They have known but one argument, and have always kept that by their sides, sharpened and ready for use.

The Union of 1871 was only achieved by the free use of that argument, whereby the absolute dominance of Prussia was ensured. Austria was forced out, just as Bavaria and Baden were constrained to join. All the little “one-horse” States were only too glad to be taken in, and the horde of princes, who had no existing States to rule, were soothed by being assigned a special top division in the German aristocracy all to themselves.

At this time, in 1871, even Prussia was tired of fighting. There was a considerable collection of war booty, in addition to the looted territory, to be divided among the victors. Bavaria

and Baden had been mulcted in considerable sums for the unresisted occupation of their territory by the Prussians. Austria had paid a heavy indemnity as the price of peace from the Seven Weeks' War. And France had contributed £200,000,000. The wide Prussian maw was full, for even Bismarck admitted that Prussia was "satiated" by its gains.

In the new Union, Prussia was supreme. To the stay-at-home Englishman to-day, Prussia stands for Germany, though he will tell you that he knows well that there are other kinds of Germans. It is curious to see the effect produced upon Britons who visit Germany; their impressions varying, of course, according to the district visited. The legend of the kindly German comes from Rhineland and the South; the German boor is reported by the stranger to Berlin and East Prussia; while the polish of the German business or professional life cannot fail to impress the visitor to any of the towns of West Germany.

In a word, the Prussian is fat and fierce, the Bavarian is fat and jolly, and the Hamburger is fat and civil. And there are other kinds of Germans, all very fat and energetic.

In 1871 Germany, with its 40,000,000 people,

was a poor country. Its assets as a business concern were nothing very remarkable.

There was a lot of good agricultural land, tilled with great industry, which until then had been the mainstay of the country in time of peace. The mineral resources were certainly considerable. Good coal and iron mean a great deal, and Germany had plenty of these, and fine timber as well. But she had no seaports, no shipping, no great industries.

There was, however, a good deal of other people's money; more money, in fact, than there had ever been in Germany before. And they put it to a good use, the development of manufacturing industry.

When I have been accused of being an inferior sort of German, I have liked to go into a German factory, and note how much modern industrial Germany owes to England. I like to note how much clumsier the German worker is than the corresponding English worker, with his generations of inherited skill. And I reflect on the poor position Germany would occupy to-day, if it were not for machinery, and for Great Britain.

All their beautiful machinery grew out of the British models they imported to copy in bulk.

They imported British workmen to show them how it was to be used, and English goods, on the imitation of which they exercised their prentice hands. I find many Britons, who ought to know better, who honestly believe that the main output of the German factories are knives that will not cut, guns that burst when they are fired, and textiles woven from shoddy. They will not believe me when I tell them that in that branch of the trade war, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Yorkshire have recovered their lost laurels.

There is one man in every big German factory who interests me beyond all others. He may hold some University degree or other; he invariably has the degree of one of the big technical High Schools which are a feature of Germany's educational system. In some cases he may be found collaborating with a specialist in chemical research, or some other highly qualified scientist. But my man is the man of the labour-saving machines. He has them in theory, where the Briton has them in practice only. He knows just what a special machine will cost to make, and work before it is even designed, save in the rough.

It is required, for instance, to make some small article of metal in large quantities, and

the man who requires the article in question asks for quotation of prices from England and Germany. For the manufacture of a special automatic machine must be constructed. The English manufacturer knows roughly what kind of machine will be required, and the cost of articles of about the same size and similar material. He allows a margin all round for failures, though the chances are he will get the machine very nearly right at the first trial. And he quotes with a safety margin.

In Germany the matter is put in the hands of my technical expert, who proceeds to design the machine on paper. There is no need to experiment when his work is done; he has estimated all the costs, labour, material, plant, and all the rest of it. The German quotation for the work is almost invariably lower than the British, and the quality of the article just as good.

This capacity for thoroughness, for detail, for harnessing science to technics, has been one of Germany's two main assets in the struggle for industrial development. The other has been the tireless energy of the German worker. It is not that the German loves work, as one sees members of the Anglo-Saxon race love

it, especially in the newer countries. But the German knows he has to work hard to make both ends meet. In one of his books, Mr. H. G. Wells describes a man who had "a sort of dismal grit." That is the quality that the German worker has brought to bear on the task of making Germany a great trading nation.

Every man who worked with his hands has paid his part of the price of the achievement. Life is made wretched for the poor in Germany by the protective tariff. Bismarck flattered himself that the people would not know how much they were paying in indirect taxation. Even he lived to discover his mistake, but it is of recent years that the burden has been heaviest on the worker. For the preservation of the passing agricultural industry, a heavy duty lies on imported food. Nor are the products of the German factories as cheap to Germans as to the outside world. The German manufacturer often has two prices, one for the home market and one for the foreign consumer. He takes advantage of the home protective tariff to squeeze a little more out of his own people, so that he may charge a little less in the open markets of the world. The ingenious process is known as "dumping," and is claimed

by Germans as the invention of a German business scientist. Probably it is.

Bear in mind, too, that every one of these Germans has given two of the best years of his life to the war machine. In that period he may have gained the faculty of order and organisation, which has contributed so much to German industrial success. But the individual is conscious of a great disadvantage when he compares himself with the young Briton, who is laying the foundation of a business career at a period when the German is drilling.

The German is acutely conscious of the disadvantages with which he has to contend. He feels the incidence of protection, he is alive to the geographical handicap of Germany, he grudges the two years he sacrifices to militarism, and he never ceases to think about these things. It is in this mental harping on his grievance that one finds the cause of the very general feeling, which Prince von Bülow rightly describes as the key to German character. That feeling is envy.

This envy is noticeable, even above the conceit which is another characteristic of the German mentality. May I say that, bitter as it is, the envy is an intelligible envy; that gross as



it is in many instances, the conceit is a pardonable conceit. I am one of the English who can take off my hat to the German people for their amazing performance, in the teeth of adverse fate, and admit that no other nation in the world could have done it.

My readiness to admit the fact has brought upon me many a discussion that I did not altogether enjoy. The very best Germans are not tactful in their choice of subjects for discussion with friendly English, nor in the method chosen for enforcing their arguments. The proofs of Germany's success in industrialism are in the bluebooks, and the German statistical books are usually a year ahead of our own with figures, and a generation ahead in accuracy. The German business man has the figures by heart, and reels them off. A shocking comparison is instituted between German and British progress in the race for the world's markets.

The peroration comes in thunderous German sentences. If the Germans could do so much with a poor country like Germany, what might they not have done with Great Britain. With Great Britain, the most Westerly of the nations and of the Old World, and almost the most Easterly of the nations of the New. Great

Britain, the country preserved from invasion by the rampart of the Ocean, with dozens of fine ports for shipping, with wide colonial territories to pour their raw material into her markets, with shipping ready to hand, and a coaling station at every remote corner of the Seven Seas.

Envy, conceit, and worse things peep from behind the constant reiteration of the question.

Sometimes, I allow myself to think what the Germans would really have done with Great Britain. And I shudder.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE KAISER AND WORLD-POLITICS

"We are the salt of the earth, and must show ourselves worthy of our great destiny."—*The Kaiser*.

ON more than one of his visits to England, the Kaiser met the late Mr. Chamberlain, for whom he conceived a great admiration. I have seen one of the Kaiser's Press-cutting slips, on which is pasted an extract from Chamberlain's fighting speeches. On the margin is scrawled, in the Kaiser's handwriting, the comment: "Marvellous Joe! He has a warrior soul."

That warrior soul is perhaps not too far removed from our stirring life to take comfort in the fact that one of his chance fighting phrases has become the battle cry of the men of England, struggling for freedom and civilisation. He would surely like to know that when the shrapnel of the German bursts thickest over the trenches, a brave young voice may often be heard crying the old defiant question, "Are we downhearted?" and provoking a sturdy chorus of British "Noes" that greatly puzzles our French Allies.

Mr. Chamberlain's Colonial tour, and the re-discovery by him of the British Empire, set the Kaiser dreaming, and caused him to revive the almost forgotten scheme for a German Colonial Empire.

For the Kaiser, about this time, was setting himself to the solution of the great German problem, as propounded by the saner of his many professors, such as Dr. Rohrbach. This problem can be propounded in a few words. At the time of the Union, Germany had a population of 40,000,000, and being then an agricultural nation, produced all the food it required. At the end of the century, Germany had become an industrial nation, and was still producing only enough food for 40,000,000 people. In the meantime the population had increased to 55,000,000, and was increasing at the rate of 800,000 a year. The population is now (1914) 65,000,000, and the annual increase is about 1,000,000.

Now Germany must buy food for the odd 20,000,000 or so, and has nothing to give in exchange, except the work of German hands. It has had to import raw material, and convert that into manufactured goods, finding foreign markets for sufficient of these manufactures to

feed the millions for whom the local agriculturalists cannot grow food. Each year these foreign markets had to be wider and richer for Germany. That is the stark problem, stripped of all consideration of money-getting, as propounded by Dr. Rohrbach.

Another ingenious professor, I think it was Dr. Fuchs, illustrated the problem by a parable and a diagram which caught the imagination of the Kaiser. For the purpose of this illustration, Germany was represented as a building of many stories, the bottom or foundation story being Agriculture. On this foundation the edifice of German prosperity had to be erected. The story representing industry was bigger than the bottom one, jutting out on all sides around it, and supported by precarious-looking props. The problem of Professor Number Two was this:—Suppose some evil-minded person came and kicked away these props, what would become of the whole building?

Other professors, less gentle than Dr. Rohrbach, were stating the problem in more violent terms, and were suggesting solutions by no means peaceable. But on the parable of the overhanging story the Kaiser undoubtedly

founded his doctrine of Welt-Politik for the German Empire. He stated it shortly and succinctly in one of his speeches made at the time—

“The German Empire has become a world-Empire. Everywhere, in far-away parts of the globe, live thousands of our compatriots. German goods, German science, German manufactures cross the ocean. The value of that which Germany has on the sea amounts to thousands of millions.”

The claim is not an unreasonable one, and the justification of Germany's powerful navy, built to protect her shipping and her wide world interests, is not difficult. But neither navy nor mercantile marine would serve to divert to Germany the valuable raw material destined by its growers for other parts of the world.

A decade before Germany had been colony-mad. The mania for picking up and annexing stray portions of the world had bitten the people and its rulers, though Bismarck, who initiated the German colonial régime, had not much faith in its value. The Colonies had proved expensive; they had cost Germany quite £100,000,000 in all, and Reichstag and people had lost heart and interest in them.

But Mr. Chamberlain's new colonial policy and the important stand made by our oversea Dominions during the Boer War, had recalled the wandering attention of the Kaiser to the German Colonies. He cast about for a German Chamberlain, to breathe life into the dead bones of the German Colonial Empire; and he thought he would find him from among the business men with whom he was in touch. Mr. Chamberlain was a business man, no mere bureaucrat or aristocrat, and to the ranks of the business men the Kaiser turned. There he found Herr Dernburg.

Dernburg, a banker with a strong strain of Jewish blood, gave up business interests worth something like £20,000 a year to answer the Emperor's call. He threw himself at the task after the fashion of Chamberlain, and by his fiery speeches throughout the country won an election on the question of revitalizing the Colonies. His colonial régime lasted nearly four years, terminating in failure in 1910. He has left behind him some marvellous reports of the possibilities of the German Colonies and the débris of a struggle with German bureaucracy in which he was badly worsted. He stayed long enough to hear his Colonies summed up in the

Reichstag in one scathing sentence: "Those that are fertile are not healthy, and those that are healthy are not fertile."

His downfall represented the failure of a very legitimate attempt on the part of the Kaiser to solve the pressing problem represented by the overhanging story in the German edifice. It occurred not a year before the drama arising from the Agadir incident, and the humiliation inflicted upon the Kaiser and his ministers by French and British diplomacy.

The effect of the two incidents, following in quick succession, upon the mind of the Kaiser will be worthy of the closest examination. The legitimate development of the colonies already in Germany's possession had been balked, both by the German system of bureaucracy and by Dernburg's failure to accomplish a task, probably beyond the power of living man. The attempt to enforce the doctrine of world-politics had been thwarted by the clumsiness of his ministers, and the unexpected firmness of two of the powers holding a far larger share of that "place in the sun" which he felt was the just due of the German people.

That God had called the German race to take not only a place in the sun, but the foremost



place, he never doubted. "Our German people will be the granite rock on which Almighty God will complete His building of the civilisation of the world," he cried, in one of his speeches. Meantime, the problem of finding markets was becoming more pressing, the supports of the overlapping story seemed already to him to totter. His dream of an all-powerful German Empire was more of a dream than ever. But he continued to enunciate it.

"I dream of an Empire, and it is this: The newly-born German Empire must possess the confidence of everybody, must be considered everywhere as a quiet, honest and peaceful neighbour; and if some day in the future a German world-empire is spoken of, it must not be based on the conquests of the sword, but on the reciprocal confidence of nations united for an identical end."

His professors—not those who propound the problems, but those who professed to answer them—had long before decided that such talk was only *gefluegelte*, the winged words of the Kaiser, empty talk. For years they had been feeding the inherent German envy of other races, and inquiring why Germany should always remain the Cinderella of Europe. They

had been hinting at much simpler ways of creating a German Colonial Empire than trying to transform into paradises the left-off deserts of luckier and less deserving races.

Now they did not scruple to put their proposals into the very plainest of language. "The time is at hand," writes the learned Dr. Rommel of Leipsic, "when the five poor sons of the German family, allured by the resources and the fertility of France, will easily make an end of the solitary son of the French family. When a growing nation borders on one of lesser density, which, as a result, creates a centre of depression, there is formed a current, known in the vernacular as an invasion, a phenomenon in which law and morals are, for the time being, laid on one side.

"The land between the Vosges and the Pyrenees was not made by the Almighty just in order that 38,000,000 Frenchmen should vegetate there without growing, when 100,000,000 Germans could live and flourish there so well, according to the divine law."

That is by no means a rare or extreme expression of modern German thought. It is only what has been openly written and said in Germany for some years. Sometimes it is put for-

ward as an interesting theory, and serves to affront an Englishman who is too indifferent to care about the crack-brained theories of crazy professors. But it is now the main branch of the flourishing tree of Welt-Politik.

Dr. Rommel's words are directed to France, but we can also claim a share of the attentions of the professors of this school. There is one well-known sentence in Bernhardi's book, on which a whole host of kindred speculations are founded. It reads:—

“In all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted. It may be that a growing people cannot win colonies from uncivilised races, and yet the state wishes to retain the surplus population which the mother-country can no longer feed. Then the only course left is to acquire the necessary territory by war. Thus the instinct of self-preservation leads inevitably to war, and the conquest of foreign soil. It is not the possessor but the victor who then has the right. The threatened people will see the point of Goethe's lines:

“That which thou did'st inherit from thy sires,  
In order to possess it must be won.”

I repeat that this is no rare outpouring of

German "culture." It has been served up, less frankly and bluntly perhaps, in every state of the Empire as matter for scientific discussion and popular consumption. Much of it was written to an address at Potsdam, and the good Dr. Hamann has taken care that it reached its mark in the proper shape, and at the suitable time.

Who can judge its effect upon the German Emperor? He was fully aware of the pressing need of the envious, overworked people he ruled. He had attempted a legitimate development of the German colonies, and failed. He had tried the effect of his method of preserving peace by threatening with the best army in the world, and the second best navy. Again he had failed to get his way, and a path to the coveted place in the sun.

It is noteworthy that from a period dating a year after the fall of Herr Dernburg, there was more of Welt-Politik, and less of peace—and more ominous still, less of war—in his speeches than ever before.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE KAISER AS DIPLOMAT

"Only diplomats consider him a soldier, and only soldiers consider him a diplomat."—*Henri de Neusanne*.

THERE was an old hatter in Berlin, who used to tell his intimates that among his customers the largest head was possessed by Bismarck, and the smallest by his royal master, Kaiser William the Great. He never lived to take the measure of a royal head that must surely have exceeded in girth that of the Iron Chancellor himself.

"He will be his own Reichskanzler," Bismarck had said, long before the young William came to the throne. He was to prove the truth of his prophecy in his own person. With the advent of William II, the parting of the ways was at hand for Germany. The "old course," so long and successfully pursued by Bismarck, was coming to an end; the "new course," on which Germany was to embark into the perilous waters of World-Politics, was near at hand.

The dramatic break between veteran Chan-

cellor and novice Kaiser, between master and pupil, nevertheless came as a shock to Europe. The event which led to it was the summoning of an International Socialist Conference to Berlin, under the auspices of William himself. This was hotly opposed by the wise old Chancellor, and rightly, as events were to prove. The difference of opinion led to a terrible scene between Kaiser and Chancellor, in which Bismarck proffered his verbal resignation.

When Bismarck left the Kaiser, William at once sent an aide-de-camp after him, with instructions to demand the resignation in writing. The answer came that the Kaiser would receive it on the following day. William's instruction was that the aide-de-camp should not leave until he had received the desired document. Thus, with every show of ignominy, was terminated the career of the real founder of the German Empire.

The principles of the old diplomacy are too well known to need enunciation here. Bismarck cut off any Power signalled out for attack from relations with other powers, likely to prove friendly in the hour of need. Then, and only when the isolation was complete, the fatal blow

was struck, with the sudden fury to which the German army has ever been trained.

The appointment of Caprivi to fill the place of the deposed giant confirmed Bismarck's prophecy to the full. Caprivi was a simple soldier, with no training in the diplomatic schools of Europe. It was obvious to the whole world that the Kaiser intended to be his own Chancellor. The true history of those days has been told, but never yet issued to the world. Bismarck's own account of all that passed lies in the Bank of England, ready for publication, when all who are mentioned in its pages shall have passed away.

The new course began with alarums and excursions, alternate promises of abiding peace and threats of instant war. For some years the Chancelleries of Europe marked each word of the new Kaiser with apprehension, but gradually, by continually talking on every conceivable subject under the sun, William dissipated the general apprehension.

Hohenlohe succeeded Caprivi, and the courtier diplomat was no less a figure-head than the soldier who preceded him. Hohenlohe was followed by von Buelow, who alone of the

Kaiser's Chancellors is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as Bismarck. Any one who wishes to understand the aims and aspirations of modern Germany can find no better or fairer-minded presentation of them than in his book *Imperial Germany*,\* an excellent translation of which can be procured.

From that book, written from the German point of view, may be gathered an accurate idea of the reasons which prompted German policy at the end of the nineteenth century.

The murder of three German missionaries in China afforded an opportunity for interference in the affairs of the Far East, so that Germany was able to demand a lease of Kiao-Chau, at the end of the war between China and Japan, and to prevent Japan from obtaining a settlement of that dispute as advantageous as would otherwise have been the case. The fruits of that policy Germany is gathering to-day.

It is much more difficult to follow the diplomacy of the Kaiser where it more nearly concerns our own country. It is the fashion of the moment to attribute to him a desire to follow the cynical precepts of his old teacher Bismarck, and to set down his every act to deliberate and mischievous design. His telegram

\* Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.



to Kruger, after the Jameson raid, is a case in point. That telegram, dated January 3, 1896, was couched as follows:

“I express to you my sincerest congratulations that you and your people have succeeded by your own energy, without appealing to the aid of friendly powers, in defeating the armed forces which, as disturbers of the peace, invaded your country, in re-establishing order, and in protecting the independence of the country against attack from without.”

How far that message was dictated by impulse, and how far by a deliberate design to embroil this country with other nations of Europe, can only be settled when heads are cooler and enmity has subsided. It certainly stated only what the rest of Europe was thinking. The Kaiser has made his own defence to the imputation of hostile intent, as shall presently be seen.

The deepest import is also attached to his undertaking given to Russia on the eve of the Russo-Japanese war. It is argued that by promising that no attack should be made by Germany on Russia while that country was engaged in the struggle with her opponent in the Far East, he egged on the Czar to a humiliation

which he knew was in store for him. This the Kaiser has categorically denied. On the margin of a press cutting attributing to him these designs, he wrote: "This is a lie. God keep me from ever meddling in the international affairs of foreign countries."

It has to be remembered that the Kaiser has consistently expressed himself as hostile to the yellow races, and has pronounced his opinion that from the Far East is to come the greatest danger to civilisation. His policy, as far as it can be traced, has been consistently opposed to the power of Japan.

On the other hand, to attribute to him a foresight so keen as to grasp the coming humiliation of Russia at the hands of Japan, is to grant him a wisdom and power of prediction that was not shared at the time by many, even among those in high places. In other matters he has not shown the same ability to foresee the trend of events.

His interference in the Morocco question had results that reached even farther. That interference was based on the German Moroccan Commercial treaty of 1890, and on the treaty of Madrid, which assigned to the Powers a joint right of protection over Morocco. Germany's

action was caused by an arrangement between France and Great Britain, made in 1904, whereby France acknowledged our Authority in Egypt, while we recognised French policy in regard to Morocco.

In 1905 the Kaiser landed at Tangier, and took the Sultan of Morocco under German protection. If M. Delcassé, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, had been given his way, war would have followed. In the event, the resignation of Delcassé was forced, and the affairs of Morocco were referred for settlement to the conference of Algeciras. There, with the support of Austria, Germany succeeded in limiting the influence of France in Morocco. The Austrian effort was acknowledged in one of the Kaiser's famous telegrams, in which he praised the "brilliant second" Austria had played, and promised to repay the good turn. Later he was to redeem the promise by standing by "in shining armour," while Austria appropriated the Servian provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

The German intervention in Morocco was based on wider considerations than German commercial interests in that country. It had its ground on the great welding force of Mo-

hammedanism, a faith professed by 300,000,000 human beings, all possessed with common interests. In all Mohammedan countries that were accessible, the German influence was at work, and especially in Turkey, where German policy and German money had obtained a notable concession, the right to build a railway across Asia Minor, and so to open a short passage from Europe to Southern Asia.

These were exploits in the world of diplomacy on which the Kaiser and his Chancellor justly prided themselves. But they had the effect of creating what Bismarck had always succeeded in avoiding, a combination of great and unfriendly powers. By this time a community of interests and a growing sentiment had united France and Great Britain by an understanding, the terms of which could be modified to suit circumstances which might arise. France was allied by a definite treaty with Russia, so that Germany was confronted with a formidable array of three great Powers joined by an entente, the very nature of which the Kaiser was unable to fathom.

To dissipate the friendly understanding between France and Great Britain was now the aim of his diplomacy, and to that end was de-

signed the famous interview that appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of London. In that interview he claimed that he was the chief friend of Great Britain, in a country that was hostile, and was made more hostile by British suspicions. He advanced as proof the fact that he alone had prevented a combination of the European Powers to intervene during the Boer war, and so to save the Republics and humiliate England. "When the struggle was at its height," he said, "the Governments of France and Russia invited me to join with them to call upon England to put an end to the war. The moment had come to humiliate England to the dust. Posterity will one day read the exact terms of the telegram—now in the archives of Windsor Castle—in which I informed the Sovereign of England of the answer I had returned to the Powers which then sought to compass her fall. Englishmen who now insult me by doubting my word should know what were my actions in the hour of their adversity."

Later, he declared, he had saved a strained situation by his correct attitude to the Boer delegates to Europe.

"The Boer delegates were fêted in Holland; France gave them a rapturous welcome. They

wished to come to Berlin, where the German people would have crowned them with flowers. But when they asked me to receive them—I refused. The delegates went away empty-handed.”

His conduct, he averred, had earned him a lasting unpopularity in Germany.

“The prevailing sentiment among a large section of the middle and lower classes of my own people is not friendly to England. I am, therefore, so to speak, in a minority in my own land.”

There is no more evidence to-day than there was at the time to cast against these statements of the Kaiser. No denial has ever been made of the existence of the telegram at Windsor Castle, and the truth of the remainder of his contentions could not be disputed. But the publication of the interview caused an upheaval of German opinion.

The feeling was intensified by the statements about another interview, given to Dr. Hale for publication in the pages of the *Century Magazine* of New York. This interview is alleged to have been even a stronger bid for American friendship. The interview was suppressed, for no other consideration, it is stated, than the

feeling of the editor of the magazine that its publication would have been harmful to the Kaiser himself. Other statements were made, in which a large sum of money was mentioned. An unsavoury atmosphere surrounds the whole transaction, for any blameworthy share in which Dr. Hale can be fully acquitted, as can the proprietor of the magazine in question.

But the American interview certainly counteracted any good effect which the Kaiser might have produced in England by his statement to the *Daily Telegraph*, while complicating his position still further with his own people.

Feeling against him was intense throughout the length and breadth of Germany. It found its expression ultimately in the action of his Chancellor, von Buelow. He extracted a pledge from the Kaiser of "greater reserve" in National affairs, and thereby sealed his own doom. In the words of Mr. F. W. Wile (*Men around the Kaiser*), "The Imperial Gazette proclaimed that the Kaiser had assured the man with the muzzle of his 'continued confidence,' but Buelow actually lay *in extremis* from the moment he quit his chastened sovereign's presence."

The actual dismissal was delayed for six

months, but in the middle of 1909 Bethmann-Hollweg succeeded von Buelow. The fall of Buelow paved the way to Agadir. With the warning words uttered by Mr. Lloyd George still fresh in the memory of all, it is not necessary to detail the humiliation then inflicted by France and Great Britain upon the Kaiser and his Chancellor and Foreign Minister.

It gave the war party in Germany a firm grip upon their Emperor, but did not serve as a lesson to the blunderers in whose hands German diplomacy was confided. As we shall see, an appeal to force was now inevitable, as far as Germany could effect that end.

Even at this late stage in the game a Bismarck might have saved Germany from such an array of strength as she was finally called upon to face. A Bismarck would certainly have ensured a divided British Empire in war, instead of the great unity that has been created by German disregard for the value of "a scrap of paper."

This was the crowning failure to the Kaiser's career as a diplomatist, and points more eloquently to the conclusion that all his acts in that capacity have been swayed by impulse, and belief in the efficacy of a theatrical show



of force. For, if we judge him by his utterances extending over a quarter of a century, he has always believed that he could preserve the peace of Europe by making an overwhelming display of force.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE KAISER AND PEACE

"I struggle all the time to preserve peace."

INTO the Roman Senate there once strode a foreign envoy holding aloft the hem of his robe. "I bring you here," he cried. "Peace or war. Choose which you will."

Throughout the long reign of the Kaiser, Fate has always stood before him, urging upon him the fateful choice. Not once, but a dozen times in the course of a quarter of a century, has the traditional policy of Prussia brought the Kaiser face to face with the stern decision. He completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign amid a chorus of congratulations from the world's Press on the fact that he had invariably chosen the shining white gift of Peace. This outstanding fact should always be borne in mind by those who wish to form an estimate of the life struggle of the real Kaiser.

He came to the Imperial throne with exalted words of peace in his mouth. "The eyes of the whole world are lifted questioningly to-

ward us," he proclaimed. "They sue for peace. Only in peace can the world's trade be developed, in peace only can it prosper. We desire to maintain that peace, and will do so."

In the sincerity of that promise, all his intimates believed. Count von Munster, who was German Ambassador at Paris, made a very forcible declaration of his belief to de Freycinet, who records it in his memoirs, "I know William," said von Munster; "I played with him as a child, and I never miss seeing him when I am in Berlin. His sentiments are deeply religious. He will never be the first to make war."

Indeed, peace was a thing more eminently to be desired by Germany than by any other country, when the Kaiser came to the throne. The serious men of the age were those who had fought in a succession of wars. They were glorious and profitable wars, but they had dislocated the whole commercial life of Germany, and the country was still in the stage of recovery. The whole feeling of the masses was firmly behind the Kaiser every time he extolled the virtues of peace. He was keen enough as a business man, and sympathetic enough as a monarch, to appreciate this.

After twenty-five years as *Deutscher Kaiser*, he still adhered to his initial proposition. In a speech reviewing the marvellous transformation wrought in the Empire during that period, he concluded: "That this has happened under the fertilizing rays of the sun of peace, the strength of which has victoriously dispelled every cloud appearing on the horizon, makes me particularly happy."

A hundred hardheaded men who had been in close contact with him were firmly convinced of the sincerity of these, and many kindred utterances. Fried, the winner of a Nobel peace prize, Carnegie, Lipton, and other British witnesses, have testified to this. More convincing is the evidence of the little group of Jewish capitalists in Germany, such as Ballin, who enjoyed the intimacy and confidence of the Kaiser. The growth of the Hamburg-Amerika line, and the recent movements of its vessels, are testimony that Ballin to the very last had refused to believe in an imminent war with Britain; and he stands to-day, practically a ruined man, with his life work crumbling at his feet, because of the fulness of that belief.

It may be asked how such levelheaded men could adhere to that opinion in the face of the

wildly provocative acts, and the intensely war-like speeches, for which the Kaiser has also been responsible, at very close intervals, throughout his reign. An explanation will be found in the words of William himself, tagged on to a speech in which he had eloquently proclaimed the glories of peace, and had announced his ambition to live through history by the proud title of Wilhelm der Friedreiche:—William the Peaceful.

“If our enemies knew that,” he added, “they would think Germany was weak, and would attack us. Therefore our army must remain strong, and appear threatening, and thanks to our army and the fear it imposes, Germany will win the commercial and industrial supremacy which is the goal of my life.”

An illuminating incident is that of the sermon of Pastor Hammelreuth, a good man whose flock dwelt in a small Westphalian town. The Kaiser paid a surprise visit to the church one Sunday morning, just as service was beginning, and strode to a prominent seat in the church. A few days before, he had delivered himself of one of his most inflammatory martial speeches.

The pastor was a brave man. He abandoned

the sermon he had prepared, and substituted an impromptu on the horrors of war. He concluded with the flat statement that the man who caused a European war would have an awful responsibility to bear, both now and hereafter. William heard it through with stern, set face, and at the conclusion sent for the bold preacher. "A very good discourse," he said, "and every word of it true."

The Kaiser's argument, that to maintain an advantageous peace it is necessary to be prepared to wage a successful war, is not peculiar to Germany. We have heard it advanced in this country, almost to the verge of weariness. In recent days we have heard that the country's timely attention to these warning voices would have saved the world from the horrors of a great European war. And we have been told, in the same breath, that, if we had refrained from declaring war on Germany when we did, we should but have postponed the evil day.

The contradictions of our own militarists may at least serve to illustrate and emphasise the difficulties of the Kaiser's position as maintainer of the world's peace by force of arms.

It must further be pointed out that a warlike policy is traditional with Germany. All the

Empire has ever got has been gained by force of arms. Unity, increased territory, and the capital for commercial expansion were all gained at the point of the sword. It was only to a generation of tired and sated warriors that William the Peaceful could expound his doctrine of an armed peace. When a new generation had grown up, the Kaiser's difficulties as peace advocate were intensified.

That the leader of the new generation should be his own son and heir was only in accordance with the traditions of the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser had attained his youthful popularity by bitterly opposing his own father, the generous Friedrich. He renounced his claim to British consideration as partly an Englishman by his treatment of his own mother, an English princess. As a son he had sowed the wind, for the reward of popularity with his people; as a loving father he reaped the whirlwind.

The party behind the warlike Crown Prince not only consisted of the young hotbloods of the Germany army. He had the solid backing of the Conservative party, the landowners of Prussia. Poor always, and growing poorer in spite of the tariff designed to benefit their agriculture at the expense of the industrial com-

munity, they rebelled at the Kaiser's intimacy with the money magnates and industrial chiefs. Their pride of birth, their pride in arms, and their inherited traditions were revolted by the spectacle. Every peace declaration the Kaiser had made nauseated them. War was more than a profession to these people, it was a religion.

The Crown Prince had behind him as well the sympathy, perhaps the unconscious sympathy, of the masses. We are told that we are not now making war on the German people, but on the war caste, of which the Kaiser and his sons are the emblem. I deny this.

I have been accustomed to go into German houses in many provincial centres, where I am received as a friend and even as a connexion, though by marriage only. In more than one of these houses it was the custom of the young men to rise and leave the room when I entered. Bright, pleasant young fellows, whom I knew as simple manly boys, would not stay in the same room as the enemy of their country. They would not assume a friendship they did not feel. These were not young aristocrats, shackled with the pride of birth and the traditions of Junkerdom. They were just young fellows of the



middle class, prejudiced by militarism and the poison of a hideous philosophy.

None who has not lived much in Germany during very recent years can believe how widespread is this poison of violence and aggression. It peeps out in the columns of the daily papers, it is for ever in the mouths of teachers and speakers. In the friendly houses I have mentioned I became accustomed, when a few friends had met, to see some elderly gentleman rise, apropos of nothing at all, and deliver a speech lasting twenty minutes. The subject was always the same, the deprivation of Germany's just rights. The indolence and greed of my own country, the unfruitfulness of France, and the ability and culture of Germany were dilated upon in turn.

All this feeling found expression after the dramatic meeting of the Reichstag which followed the Morocco settlement in 1911. At that meeting Dr. von Heydebrand, the leader of the Conservative party, and the most powerful man in that assembly, rose and delivered an unparalleled invective against the Government for its craven peacefulness. In the Royal box sat the Crown Prince, wearing his uniform as Colonel

of the Death's Head Hussars. With shining eyes and parted lips he leaned forward, devouring every word of the scathing indictment. When this call to arms concluded, the heir to the throne ostentatiously clapped his hands, leading a volley of applause in which members of all parties joined.

Germany had been submitted to a bitter humiliation, and the real Germany was peeping out from under the covering of theory and culture which had hidden it from the world. For that humiliation Germany blamed the Kaiser alone. "The Emperor kept the peace alone," wrote Professor Delbrueck, adding that during the Boer War he was the only friend that England had in Europe. The old cry of "Englishman" was revived against him. It was the worst thing Young Germany could devise to cast against him.

The Kaiser awoke next day to find himself and his ministers derided and scorned. For what? For having kept the peace of Europe. For having submitted Germany to a humiliation. For having admitted that the bluff of the best army and the second best navy in the world is of no avail for a nation which does not really mean war, when confronted by courageous and reso-

lute opponents. In that hour died William the Peaceful.

He made the change apparent to the whole Court. His demeanour proclaimed, not the profound humiliation he had experienced at the hands of his son, but a new resolution. The whisper went round that "Majesty was acting again." His joviality of demeanour was laid aside, even among intimates. His appearances in public were no less frequent, and the most casual observer could notice the change in him. He became the smileless Emperor, the man who was mastered by a stern resolve.

Those who knew him best, knew that the die was cast. Fate had dropped the suspended fold of her garment, and the black gift of War was about to roll out. Germany began to prepare in grim earnest to convert her show of might to actual readiness for conflict. With what stealth and ferocity the preparation was made the history of the first weeks of the war will partly testify. Much of the story of that hidden readiness for the great Sin has yet to be revealed.

But the lifelong struggle of the Kaiser was over. "I struggle all my life for peace," he had said. The trained warrior King may have

felt a relief when the struggle was over, when he could take the place usurped by his son and heir, as leader of a nation under arms and convinced by a false logic of the righteousness of aggression.

That part of Europe which he had convinced of his peacefulness continued in its belief. It was his reward, if it can be called a reward, for the struggle he had made against the conviction of his people. "On him for two decades has the peace of Europe depended, and the peace of Europe has been kept," wrote the *Times* on the occasion of his last visit to this country. That fact is apt to be overlooked in the welter of torment that has changed the face of the world.

But history will record that he struggled to preserve peace. History will also decide that he might have struggled harder.

His infamy will be the greater, since he alone of all the warlike band understood the full meaning of the step that was to be taken. His quick understanding and many-sided character enabled him to see that Germany was about to administer to humanity the greatest shock it had ever received since the crucifixion of the Redeemer. The militarist fanatics who plotted with him, misled by their perverted logic, saw

nothing monstrous in their deliberate scheme for shocking the world into acquiescence.

Only William the Peaceful could estimate the effect of these burnings and tortures of women and children, this arranged programme of bestial inhuman violence. He knew how the Germans would make war when they got the chance; he had experienced the elemental brute that dominated his people. When the Imperial family drove into Berlin after war had been declared, through the joking, cheering crowds, the Crown Prince was all gay laughter, and his consort smiled and waved her hands to the war-mad throng. But the Kaiser preserved the masklike face he had been wearing ever since the rein had been given to the Fury in his soul. Stern and grim he was, for he could gauge the future. Yes, he knew; the Kaiser knew!

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE KAISER AND HIS HEIR

"The picture of reality appears to stand out in bolder, firmer, and more natural outlines to the eyes of the son than it does in many a speech of the Kaiserly father."—*Dr. Paul Liman, 1914.*

THE fateful crisis of 1908 deposed the Kaiser from the hopes of militant Germany for ever. Whatever suspicions may have been cherished in this country and in other foreign lands, Junkerdom decided finally that the peaceful utterances of the Kaiser were to be taken at their face value, and that it must look elsewhere for a leader for its scheme of armed aggression.

It was not necessary to look far, for the instrument was ready to hand in the heir to the throne. Frederick William, up to the time of his marriage, had been regarded as a young man who allowed himself to be treated as a boy, a mere puppet in the hands of a masterful father. His secret courtship of Cecilie, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, touched the spring of sentiment in the hearts of the German

people. Her substantial dowry of £1,000,000 placed him for the first time in a position of independence, for until then his income was derived directly from the Kaiser, and was only paid subject to his father's good will.

His wedding took place in 1905. In 1907 he performed a public service to Germany by bringing to the notice of the Kaiser the charges levelled against a group of officers who were in intimate relations with the Emperor. The Kaiser at that time was the only man in the Empire who did not know what was being written by Harden in his paper *Zukunft* against Prince Eulenberg, his personal friend, General Kuno von Moltke, his aide-de-camp, and others who were allied to them. The cutting bureau had been keeping the charges back from the Kaiser. It was the Crown Prince who took his courage in his hand, and brought the whole matter before the Kaiser. He was thus the direct instrument in ending a scandal which was horrifying even the most cynical Germans.

About the end of 1908, little paragraphs began to appear in the German papers, tending to show what a charming young man this Crown Prince really was. He was most kind-hearted; stopped his motor car to give a weary labourer a

lift to his home. He was passionately fond of children, and would always stop in the street to pet and admire the little ones. He gave a pretty flower girl twenty marks for a bunch of violets; he showed in many ways that he had a heart of gold. All little stories designed to tickle the surface sentiment of the masses.

It also appeared from the Press that he was a broad-minded young man, who did not share his father's prejudice against the proletariat. He attended and applauded Hauptmann's play, which the Kaiser had banned on account of its Socialistic tendency. He chatted with an old cobbler who was a pronounced Social Democrat, and told him that "Social Democrats would one day be received at Potsdam."

All this was gall and wormwood to the Kaiser. The Crown Prince found it advisable to make a shooting trip in India, but his reputation remained behind in Germany. He returned to greater popularity than ever, and became more immersed than ever in the affairs of the Empire. In April, 1911, he interfered in the reconciliation with the Duke of Cumberland, brought about by the betrothal of Princess Victoria Louise to the Duke of Brunswick. He wrote a letter to the Chancellor, insisting that the recon-



ciliation should only take place on condition that the Duke publicly renounced his claim to the throne of Hanover.

This letter was published in the German press, and a dispute followed; one section of the Press openly espousing the cause of young Hotspur. He was sent away from Berlin to act as Colonel of the Death's Head Hussars, then quartered at Dantzic. But he had made another daring and successful appeal to the patriotism of the German masses.

He left Dantzic, without permission, to play his dramatic part in the Agadir debate in the Reichstag. For this he was openly applauded by the Chauvinist Press; for his plan was now sufficiently apparent.

The Crown Prince henceforth becomes a prime factor in German affairs. He returned to Dantzic with his purpose half accomplished.

He was recalled to Berlin at the end of 1913, and took leave of his Hussars in a letter that was read at roll-call. His purpose rings clearly in every sentence of it.

“HUSSARS OF MY REGIMENT,—

“For more than two years I have worn the same coat and faithfully followed the same

standard as you. His Majesty the Emperor and King has assigned to me a fresh field of military work, and I must obey. It is cursedly difficult for me, and my heart is breaking at the thought that I shall no longer ride through life at your head. You will all feel that, I am sure.

“The two happiest years of my life I have spent in your ranks; to-day I carry my youth to the grave. True, they can separate me from you, but my heart and my spirit remain with you. If some day the King calls, and the signal March! March! is blown, then think of him whose most yearning wish it always was to experience at your side this moment of highest soldierly happiness.

“But the firm and deep bond that indissolubly unites you, my children of the regiment, with me will only be rent asunder, when for me, too, the hour has struck for the march to the great army above. My dearly loved regiment, Hurrah!”

Almost in the same hour there was taking place in Alsace that serious breach of the constitution which is known for convenience as the Zabern incident. While Colonel von Reuter was pursuing his wild course of aggression, he

received a telegram from the Crown Prince. It was brief but explicit: "Go ahead, and stick to it." And when the incident had reached its climax, the Crown Prince employed the wires once more with the brief message, "Bravo."

From the time of the Agadir debate the Kaiser ceased in his speeches and proclamations to refer to his task of preserving the peace of Europe. Only one exception was made, and that was the proclamation issued on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, when the whole press of the world was commenting favourably on the fact that in his reign of a quarter of a century he had carried out his vow to keep the peace.

Late in 1913 he paid a fateful visit to the Emperor of Austria and the Archduke Ferdinand at Schoenbrunn. This visit was immediately preceded by the most sinister rumours in the German and Austrian Press. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung* openly accused Russia of arming for war; the rumour was confirmed by the organ of the Austrian War Minister, the *Militärische Rundschau*. The Kaiser's visit to Schoenbrunn had been planned as a secret; he was to have gone incognito; but the plan leaked out in the Press.

Only the scantiest account of the visit was ever published.

In the meantime the Crown Prince was pursuing his purposeful propaganda. He wrote a preface to a pamphlet of a wildly warlike nature, entitled *Germany under Arms*. From the preface the following passage may be taken as a sample of the whole.

“Our Fatherland, more than other countries, is forced to rely upon its trusty weapons. Ill defended by unfavourable geographical frontiers, and situated in the centre of Europe, it is not regarded with love by all nations. It is the holy duty of Germany, above all other peoples of our old earth, to maintain an Army and a Fleet ever at the highest point of readiness. Only then, supported by our own good sword, can we preserve the place in the sun which is our due, but is not willingly granted us.”

Nothing could be more eloquent of the success with which he had stolen the Kaiser's thunder. The achievement was celebrated by the publication of a biography by Dr. Paul Liman, which is one of the most popular books in Berlin to-day. The writer openly compares him with the Emperor, to the latter's disadvantage.

“And indeed the straightforward and clear

character of the son appears to be free from all leaning towards that unfortunate mysticism which, in the November days of 1908, nearly led to a Jena for the monarchical idea. . . . The German who loves his people, who believes in the greatness and future of the Homeland, and will not have its authority lowered, must not shut his eyes in such dreams, must not let himself be lulled to sleep by the Peace Song of the Utopians.”

In April, 1914, occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the fall of Dueppel, which was the turning point in the war of aggression waged by Germany and Austria against little Denmark. Nobody in Germany remembered the date, or attached any particular significance to it, until the appearance of a Cabinet Order from the Kaiser to the Army on the subject of “the struggle for Germany’s Northern marches.”

The order concluded:—

“To-day it is the need of my heart to offer my thanks to all those who fifty years ago staked their lives for Prussia’s greatness and honour. The deeds of the fathers live in the memory of their sons and grandsons. I know that these sons, in loyal devotion to me, and to the Fatherland, will do likewise if ever an enemy’s hand

assails what was won by such precious sacrifice."

Events were now moving quickly. Germany and Austria were provisioning for war, as reports from America and Canada have made abundantly clear. In June, 1914, the Kaiser, accompanied by Admiral von Tirpitz, the Minister of the Navy, paid yet another visit to the Austrian Crown Prince, and at Konopitz the final details of the great plot were finally settled. History records how that plot was shattered, and how its execution was precipitated on a fresh pretext by the crime of Sarajevo.

While the father was at Konopitz the son was not idle. A chance account of his activities is preserved in a message from the Brussels correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, published in the issue of that paper for June 10, 1914. At the time the people of this country were lapped in security, and the message, published as a curious circumstance and without any comment, attracted little attention. Nor has any reference been made to it since, and as it appears to have escaped attention in the pressure of the present, no excuse need be made for reproducing it in full.

## GERMAN CROWN PRINCE

### CURIOUS MOTOR TOUR

*From our own Correspondent*

BRUSSELS, *Tuesday.*

It has transpired that the Crown Prince of Germany completed last Sunday, near the Belgian frontier, a military staff excursion in Alsace Lorraine.

From Metz he travelled in an autocar to St. Vith and Montjoie, along the very road a German army invading Belgium to strike at France's most unprotected frontier would use as a base.

In Belgian Military circles the fact is considered somewhat disquieting.

In June, 1914, while the Kaiser was plotting with the Austrian Archduke at Konopitz, the Crown Prince was spying out the country through which he was to lead an invading army in August. A notable task for the heir to the throne of an Empire which claims world predominance.

Shortly afterwards there was published a pamphlet by a crazy Pan-Germanist named Frobenius, entitled *Germany's Hour of Destiny*. It foretold the great European war, assigning as its date either 1915 or 1916. The Crown Prince was apparently too busy to write a preface to it, but he found time to dispatch a tele-

gram to Frobenius, pronouncing it "excellent." After the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand, Professor Buckholz, of Posen, a violent Chauvinist, made a speech attacking the German Chancellor in unmeasured terms as a weak-kneed incompetent. To him, too, the Crown Prince sent a wire, saying that it was "excellent."

There is no need to describe what followed. The pretext was there, the preparations were made, the Kaiser went on a yachting tour, and Germany plunged Europe into war.

One picture more of defeated father and triumphant heir may be added. It is taken from an account given by Dr. Poutsma, one of the few British subjects left with freedom to observe in Berlin, and supplied by him to the *Daily Citizen*. It describes the entry of the Imperial party to Berlin after the declaration of war.

"During my enforced stay in the capital I saw the entrance of the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and the Crown Prince, with his wife and the princes, from Potsdam. It was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. The picture of the Emperor is a vivid memory. He did not bow once in acknowledgment of the shouts of the crowd. The Crown Prince nodded, and his wife nodded



and smiled continually, but the Emperor sat with one hand at his golden helmet, stern and inscrutable, a figure of destiny. There was not during the whole time the faintest flicker of a smile."

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE KAISER AND RELIGION

"God liveth as of old. Our great ally still reigneth."  
—*The Kaiser.*

ONE can laugh at the vain Kaiser, with his countless uniforms and his "fixed" moustache. One can wonder at the protean Kaiser, striving to show the chief exponents of a cultured race the true inwardness of the finer arts. One can despise the brutal Kaiser, making mirth of the humiliation of his best friends. One can admire the paternal Kaiser, sore at heart in a foreign land till he can rejoin the wife and the young ones. One can pity the duped Kaiser, surrounded by a host of subtle and evil flatterers. One can scorn the weak Kaiser, swearing to devote his life to the maintenance of peace, pursuing that object with blustering threats backed by an untold aggregation of organised force, and finally making the great renunciation because his son had stolen from him the esteem of a gross warrior race. Finally, one can shudder at William the War Lord, deliberately loosing on a stunned world his bestial

legions, and urging them on to fresh infamies with examples drawn from the worst barbarities of the pre-Christian era.

What human sentiment is left, then, for the Kaiser who claims the active aid of an Omnipotent Creator when caught in the very act of profaning God's holy house?

It is rarely fitting that the relations of any human being with the Supreme should be made the subject of discussion and conjecture. These are days when many are renewing such relations with a profound humility and a sense of unbounded littleness. A new era in the world's history has dawned, an era in which no man can dare to judge his fellow.

Yet the imagination of the Christian world has not been arrested so much by the spectacle of rending bombs thrown on harmless women and children, of drunken men carousing before Church altars, and of all the other unnameable atrocities of the time, as of the cause and instigator of these doings claiming God as his Ally in their perpetration. Everywhere men and women are discussing these things in shocked undertones. There need be no excuse, then, if they are considered in such a book as this.

The Kaiser's career, his life, his sermons and

speeches warrant the belief that in the proclamation that God is with him he is sincere, and not a brazen hypocrite, impiously committing the unpardonable sin in the face of an attentive world.

He stands at the head of a proud nation that a century ago was not. He is the supreme ruler of 65,000,000 people who have created a mighty Empire out of a host of contemptible principalities. In the history of that century there is nothing to record for Germany but a series of miraculous successes.

By war Germany was made a nation, and by such wars as the world has never known. Seven weeks sufficed to crush Austria; in a few months proud France was humbled in the dust. The German soldier of those days marched to battle like the Ironsides of Cromwell, with hymns in his mouth, the marvellous hymns of Martin Luther.

“Ein’ feste Berg ist unser Gott” (*Our God is a tower of strength*), they chanted, and had reason to believe it, for they fought only to win. A hundred times the Kaiser has asserted that the God of Battles always turned the day for Germany.

Preaching on his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, at the time when a German force had been despatched to China, he took his text from Exodus xvii.

“It came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed.”

The discourse was a confident appeal to the God of Battles for help for the German arms, and reached its climax in an amazing passage: “Yes, the ancient God still lives! The great Ally still rules. Our God is a strong tower; the Holy God, who will not let wickedness triumph, but will uphold His cause against an unholy people; the Almighty God who breaks through the strongest walls as though they were cobwebs, and scatters the masses like sand.”

One other conception of the Deity recurs in the Kaiser’s speeches and sermons, and that is of the revelation of His goodness through the works of Nature. Some of the passages dealing with this topic are remarkable for their eloquence and beauty. Preaching on the deck of his yacht he took his text from the 104th Psalm:

“Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my

God, Thou art very great; Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment, Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain."

In the sermon occur many fine passages, of which the following is an example:

"At home the church bells are ringing now, and the organ is pealing. Here there is another ringing, and another sound runs about us. Yet it is only a ground tone that runs through the melody here as there, and says: 'Come and let us worship and bow down; let us fall upon our knees before the Lord our maker.' On the high seas we learn this more emphatically, and he who does not learn it here will never learn it at all. The praise of God out of the book of nature; that is written all over our text."

It is not difficult in both these sermons, and indeed in all the Kaiser's religious discourses, to trace the source of his inspiration.

"I often study the Bible," he said to Pastor Stolle of Schirmenitz; "and I love to read it every night. The Bible lies on a table beside my bed. I find the most beautiful thoughts expressed in it."

The Kaiser's Bible is, of course, the noble translation made by Martin Luther, which fixed a standard for written German. Those

who know the German Bible will realise how the stress of the time comes out in its pages. Our own glorious English Bible was translated by peaceful scholars, attuned by circumstance to its message of peace and hope. In no version are the promises of redemption more grandly emphasised.

But Luther's Bible was the work of a fighter, and the grandest renderings it contains of the original are the warlike books of the Old Testament. Those are the passages that constantly emerge from the Kaiser's talks on sacred things. Passages threatening destruction to the enemies of God's chosen people, and passages exalting the God of Battles, who fought actively for His people and brought their foes to confusion.

In the progress of the German people in peace the Kaiser saw the hand of God revealed no less plainly than by their victories on the field of battle. That progress in the teeth of difficulty was the miracle of the second half of the nineteenth century. The Kaiser constantly refers to this achievement, never failing to attribute it to the goodness of God.

But never once does he strike the note of humility. One seeks in vain for some sign of the

humble and the contrite heart. The Kaiser vaunts the God of Battles, who brought His people to victory. He openly boasts of the Creator as a commercial asset of Germany. The thought swells him with pride and haughtiness, but never with a doubt of his worthiness for so great Divine favour. This is supreme arrogance, but it is not hypocrisy; say rather, it is religious fanaticism of the most dangerous kind.

With unthinkable insolence he claims the continuous protection of the God by whose Divine will he says he rules supreme; he claims it not as a suppliant, but as a confident creditor.

“I place my whole Empire, my whole people, my whole army, myself and my family under the protection of Him who said: ‘Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My words shall not pass away.’ ”

The Kaiser’s ancestors rode away to the Crusades shouting: “*Paiens ont Tort; Chretiens ont Droit*” (“God fights for Christians, and for Pagans only the Power of Evil”). In the same spirit the Catholic and Protestant Princes of Germany entered upon the barbarities of the Thirty Years’ War. The crowning impiety was left for the Kaiser, who openly avows that God, by fair means or foul, will bring



His chosen people of Germany to the first place in this world, even through a self-created welter of blood and torture. It has remained for him to commit the greatest wrong ever perpetrated in the name of Christianity, exulting the while in the covering shield of "Our good old God."

*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE KAISER AND HIS CREATURES

"Camerilla is the name for a hideous foreign plant, and the effort to implant it into Germany has always been attended with great detriment to the nation."—*von Buelow*.

SINCE the War began the whole venomous hostility of Germany has been concentrated upon England. From the meanest peasant under arms to the Kaiser himself, every German is anxious to take a summary vengeance upon this country, for what they choose to term its treachery. Their bitterness is the bitter hate of a bully who suddenly finds himself thrashed and humiliated before a crowd by an individual whom he supposed the meekest and most inoffensive person present.

This consistent underrating of the power and intelligence of the British race is due to a variety of circumstances, first among which is the idiotic self-satisfaction of the Germans themselves. It also proceeds from the very genuine desire on our part to keep the peace with Germany, and by our frank expression of our own

differences of opinion internally. It must further be remembered that the German, in his gnawing envy of the advantages which we undoubtedly enjoy through no particular merit of our own, has chosen to shut his eyes to the spiritual force which impels many of our acts as a nation, and to attribute them to the blind selfishness which is the mainspring of all German action. Hence Germany's total and fatal misunderstanding of the attitude of Great Britain.

The Kaiser himself should have known better; and for the greater part of his reign he has shown that in his saner moments he did know better. He is half an Englishman himself, and has spent a considerable time in this country. He is familiar with the outlook of representative Englishmen, and has had the best opportunity for ascertaining that they are neither poltroons nor blind fools, whatever the halfpenny papers may have chosen to write about them in time of peace. He has shown himself proud of his English blood; he formerly missed no opportunity of claiming his relationship with our own royal family; it was his custom when in this country to sign himself, in visiting books and even in letters, not as Wilhelm, but William.

To bring himself to the level of the ignorance of his subjects, it must have been necessary for him to indulge in a course of wilful self-deception extending over a period of some years. Some account of his method of keeping in touch with current news and opinion throughout the world has already been given. The Press Bureau controlled by Geheimrat Hamann has been an exceedingly useful institution for him, but its uses were capable of being converted into dangerous ones in the very moment that he yielded to the desire only to see things as he wished them to appear.

There is abundant evidence that the Press Bureau has recently employed itself to this end. Nothing could be more eloquent of the fact than his ignorance of the articles written by Maximilian Harden, and the charges levelled by that writer against the *camarilla* which surrounded the Emperor. Of those charges William himself remained in ignorance while all Germany was discussing them, and it needed the extreme action of the Crown Prince to bring them under his notice. In another instance he was shown to have been utterly misled as to the character and capabilities of a tenant farmer, who had

recourse to the law courts to contest an ejection, with the result that an Imperial apology was finally tendered to him. These, and similar cases, have been the subject of much comment in Germany itself, where the opinion was openly expressed that the Kaiser was abandoning himself to the influence of a group of irresponsible advisers.

The contempt for Great Britain which these creatures of the Kaiser have so openly displayed is very genuinely held by them. It has been nurtured on the reports of the German secret service, a service as extensive as it has proved incompetent. The acknowledged German outlay on espionage is £780,000 a year in times of peace, but this does not constitute anything like the total of the money devoted to this purpose. Every German citizen in a foreign land is held at the disposal of the government, for the purpose of furnishing information likely to be useful. The Kaiser's intimacy with the great capitalists and commercial magnates of Germany is not wholly unconnected with the advancement of German interests abroad, by means that would be thought unworthy by honourable British merchants. German consuls,

and even German ministers, cannot be held blameless of this dishonour; it is an accepted thing in all classes of German life.

“Where are your spies?” asked the Crown Prince of our Ambassador, when he wished to insult him at a dinner. He referred to the military and naval attachés at the British Embassy in Berlin.

German belief that England has fallen into a selfish and decadent sloth is almost pathetic. I have often had it proved to me most conclusively, without caring to say one word in contradiction of the theory. I fancy most British folk in Germany have preferred to let such statements go by default. A favourite argument was our indifference to competitive sport. The Germans were looking forward to the Olympic games to show us what culture could do for a race of supermen, on what they considered our own ground of sporting pre-eminence. They were wildly angry because we would not begin to get ready for this great event years beforehand; and the refusal of the nation to subscribe £100,000, or even 100,000 pence, to that end was advanced as evidence of our decadence and lack of culture.

Besides, we were a decadent race. Had not

Mr. Kipling said we fawned on the younger nation for men who could shoot and ride? That is a favourite quotation in Germany. And Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Roberts, had not the warnings of these great men gone unheeded? Did not King George himself implore us to Wake Up, without any apparent response? All the host of professors and generals who have been writing books about the things Germany is just about to do have been infected with the same view, and have set down Great Britain as a negligible quantity. It never occurred to a single German, high or low, that a nation that did not care twopence about the Olympic games would attach so much importance to its treaty obligations with a little place like Belgium. The Germans are still frankly amazed at our "treachery" in regard to the "little scrap of paper."

But there was one German who ought to have known, and who showed in 1911 that he did know. Sooner than accept the consequences of war with Great Britain in 1911, the Kaiser accepted the humiliation of Agadir. He was then under no hallucination about our holding to our pledged word. He stood alone in his belief in the honour and in the might of Great Britain.

“He alone kept the peace,” said one of his own ministers, Delbrueck; and it was true.

The subtle degeneration that has taken place in the Kaiser since then is only too apparent. It is proclaimed aloud by the recent photographs that have been taken of him, with their coarsening of the lower lines of the face. His inordinate vanity, and the arrogant flattery of his creatures, have permitted him to obscure the keen intellect that formerly was the only German measure of the true relation between Germany and Great Britain. What he recognised in 1911, he ignored in 1914.

Even he was not prepared for the full consequences of that mistake in ignoring Great Britain; Englishmen themselves were not prepared, and few of them appear yet to recognise the extent of our own readiness. Consider what has happened in the two months of August and September, and estimate the effect of the series of numbing blows inflicted on German power, every one proceeding directly from Great Britain. I do not wish to exalt this nation unduly above those which are allied to us in the struggle; the more especially as those nations have been called upon to make sacrifices, compared to which those we have made our-



selves, great though they be, are up to the present comparatively trifling. But it is the decadent slothful nation, the people which confessed its own unreadiness for battle, which has struck the forceful blows at Germany's might and pride.

It was nothing that we owned the largest and most effective battle fleet; but it was a miracle that the fleet should have been found, when the war-cloud burst, assembled as a fighting force in some place unknown to the Kaiser's most confident spies. And when it was revealed, the place was the right place. That was an example of British "treachery." It was nothing that we possessed a standing Army, small but highly organised; but it was unexpected that the whole of that army could immediately be spared for service abroad. That it should have been possible to land that army on the battlefield within a few days, without the loss of a single man, and without any interference on the part of Germany's £200,000,000 fleet; that was another example of British "treachery."

How was it that from every British Colony there went forth an expedition of self-reliant men, chuckling at the chance of hauling down the German flag where it had been planted with

so much expenditure of effort and treasure in remote parts of the world? In some places they co-operated with French forces, striking swift sure blows here and there. Germany argues correctly, that they must have been ready; and once more breathes the word "treachery."

Half a million young men have volunteered for military service, and behind them stand half a million more; and in reserve are still many millions of willing volunteers. That we might have expected in so good a cause. But whence have been drawn the rifles and equipments for all these new soldiers. I confess their ready appearance has amazed me more than any other of the wonders of these days. No more dismal evidence for the German agents of our readiness, even for so great a struggle as this, could have been offered. It is organisation, something they understand; and again they raise the cry of treachery.

I saw recently a band of 5,000 young men at their drill; the young men who had been too indifferent to bother about the Olympic contest in the Berlin stadium. They had come from our Universities and Public Schools, where more than half of them had received the training of budding British officers. Their cherished pas-

times were too sacred to them to be made into an international gallery play; but they were one and all content to give themselves in the humblest capacity for a matter that was very dear to them, the honour of their country. Straight, trained bodies and alert, trained minds, quiet young men with good British faces and not a sign of military swagger; they were giving their whole attention to the matter of making the finest regiment of soldiers the world shall see since the glorious days of Greece.

How I wished some of my German friends could see that concrete answer to their argument of British decadence, and to their stupid belief in the loss of British prestige. It would have convinced them of their childish blunder, a conviction that must still be painfully enforced upon them.

But the Kaiser is in no need of such evidence. He is already fully aware of the fatal consequences of his self-deceit. He has already displayed all the chagrin of a man who has fallen into irretraceable error with his eyes fully opened. He has proved as much by the poisoned malice of his unsoldierly order to exterminate the whole British Army. Great general he is not, but the veriest novice in the art of

war knows that in that way no great victories are won. Only the conscious leader of an unjust and a lost cause would have given such a command.

Did the Kaiser give it? Then the less Kaiser he!

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE KAISER AS SEA LORD

“Our future lies upon the water.”—*The Kaiser opening the new port of Stettin, 1890.*

“We must grasp the trident.”—*The Kaiser at Kiel.*

EARLY in the course of the great war we have learned by experience that the German navy is no mere aggregation of ships, the result of lavish expenditure of money. It is a highly organised fighting force, directed by skilful officers and manned by brave and skilful sailors. Those of its cruisers left upon the high seas to harry British commerce have defied their pursuers, though acting in the face of difficulties of coaling and provisioning that cannot be overestimated. Their captains have proved courteous and even chivalrous foes, as becomes brave and skilful seamen.

The main fleet, hemmed in by a superior force, and threatened from behind by the Russian squadron in the Baltic, has waged uneven war with patience and skill, giving as good as it got, and displaying a dash and certainty in its rare

sallies which compelled the admiration of its more experienced foes. One incident smirches the record of the German navy up to date, the firing by the officers of a sinking cruiser upon their own men, when the latter had jumped overboard, and were attempting to save their lives. That incident is explained by the fact that the story of the *Birkenhead* is the example chosen for the men of the German navy, and that all are enjoined to go down with a lost ship, rather than be saved by the mercy of a triumphant foe.

The German navy is the work of the brain of the Kaiser himself, and of his own chosen right-hand man, the great Admiral von Tirpitz, the German Minister of Marine. The origin of the navy of to-day is related by Prince Buelow in *Imperial Germany*, in which he tells how he was entrusted with his share of the task, when he accepted the Chancellorship from the Kaiser on the yacht *Hohenzollern*, at Kiel, on June 28, 1907.

A new Navy Bill was brought before the Reichstag on November 27 of that year, which provided for the construction of seven battle-ships, two large and seven small cruisers. The Bill was worded: "Without prejudice to the

rights of the Reichstag, and without demanding the imposition of new taxes, the allied governments are not pursuing an aimless policy with regard to the navy; their sole object is to create within a definite time a national fleet, merely of such strength and power as to protect effectively the naval interests of the Empire.''

That Bill marked a new era in German naval affairs. Up till then no regular policy of shipbuilding had been adopted, but from that time forward Germany brought forward an annual programme of shipbuilding, which rapidly threatened competition with that of Great Britain itself. This scheme for a powerful German navy was dearer to the heart of the Kaiser than any other of his plans for the aggrandisement of Germany.

His immense business capacity was shown in the planned adaptation of private shipbuilding yards for the purpose of warship construction. The building of Germany's merchant marine was not only made a great industrial undertaking, but at the same time a great scheme for national defence, and even aggression. In the establishment of these shipbuilding yards the Kaiser took the keenest personal interest, and it was owing to his intervention that all were

established on a scale of such importance that the rapid building of the largest warships was made possible at so many of them.

The extent of Germany's possibilities for the rapid building of warships was revealed by Count Reventlow in an appendix to his book *Weltfrieden oder Weltkrieg* (*World-Peace or World-War*) (1907). In answer to the Count's questions, Krupp's Germania yards replied that they were capable of completing a large battleship or cruiser within a period of twenty-four to thirty months, and that the seven slipways at their disposal would enable them to lay down at least two of these vessels every year. The Howaldts works, also at Kiel, returned a similar reply, and guaranteed to deliver one large battleship or cruiser every year after the first two years. The mechanical appliances available at Kiel were of the most modern type, and skilled labour was plentiful. The Vulkan yards at Stettin stated that they could lay down two battleships of 18,000 tons each, and two cruisers of 15,000 tons every year. If the guns and armour were promptly delivered by the makers, they too would be able to complete the ships within twenty-four or thirty months. When the Vul-



kans' new yards at Hamburg had been opened their productive capacity would be increased 50 to 75 per cent.

The firm of Blohm and Voss estimated that they could lay down two large ships, either battleships or cruisers, every year, and that they could deliver them within two or two and a half years if a continuous succession of orders was assured. Herr Schichau, of Schichau's works at Danzig and Elbing, replied that, if necessary, he could "comfortably accommodate four battleships of 18,000 tons each upon the stocks, and could also at the same time carry on the work of fitting out two or three similar vessels. The Weser Shipbuilding Company drew attention to its new yards, and pledged its ability to lay down two battleships and two cruisers simultaneously, and to complete them within a period of from twenty-four to thirty months.

This report was made in 1907, so that within ten years of the initiation of the German navy scheme, arrangements had been perfected for competing on equal terms with Great Britain in a race in the building of warships. In this remarkable progress the Kaiser and Admiral von Tirpitz were assisted by the operations of

the German Navy League, an organisation with a very popular seaman at his head, Admiral von Koester.

In a very few years the League, started with a membership of a few thousands, could boast a million members, all of whom were actively concerned in advancing the development of the German Navy. Their spheres of influence were many and varied, and it was owing to the exertions of the League that the Reichstag was induced to pass the yearly increasing naval estimates without any dissentient voice, even when a sum of £23,000,000 was demanded.

This naval expansion could, of course, only be accomplished if Germany was free from interference on the part of England. Had the situation been reversed, there can be no doubt that the weaker naval power would never have been given the opportunity to build ships at such an ominously rapid rate. Peaceful efforts were made from this side to limit the rate of Germany's naval expansion, but they were rejected without any artifice on Germany's part. The only alternative was a shipbuilding activity on our own part corresponding almost in proportion to that of Germany.

Other nations were forced to follow suit, so

that the sudden naval activity promoted by the Kaiser was responsible for such an acceleration of naval armament as the world has never seen since the days of the great Armada. The position at the beginning of the year 1914 was that Germany had a Navy, the strength of which was nominally represented in the following figures:—

Dreadnoughts, 20; other battleships, 19; cruisers, 52; torpedo craft, 152; submarines, 24.

It is probable that the Navy was stronger than these figures show at the time of the actual outbreak of hostilities.

This vast organisation is controlled by Admiral von Tirpitz, possibly the most able of the lieutenants the Kaiser has discovered. Mr. Wile accords him first place in that fascinating collection he has made of *Men Around the Kaiser*, and relates how a simple commoner created a second branch of national defence, and now stands designated by common acclaim as the next Chancellor of the Empire. This has been made possible by von Tirpitz himself, who has trained his highly efficient subordinates so well that he could, before the War, have been withdrawn from the Admiralty without

sacrificing the efficiency which has characterised his administration. This is the highest tribute that can be paid to any organiser.

Tirpitz makes no secret of the fact that the German Navy is modelled on that of Great Britain, just as German industrialism was originally modelled on our own. The very traditions of the German Navy, which as a new growth was without traditions of its own, were borrowed from the Navy that has so long controlled the seas. The purpose of the building of this Armada has never been hidden; it is some day to dispute the mastery of the seas with its prototype; and the fact was openly recognised in the toast of its officers, "Am Tag";—to the great Day when that purpose may be fulfilled.

The nominal command of the Navy, in accordance with Prussian custom, is vested in the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Kaiser himself has never failed to display an interest in it quite equal to that shown in the German first arm of the service, the Army. In a speech delivered on June 15, 1888, he said: "The Navy knows not only that it has filled me with great joy to belong to it through an external bond, but also that from

my earliest youth, in complete agreement with my dear brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, a warm and lively interest has united me to it."

That interest increased with the growth of the Navy, and the Kaiser was never happier than when he could entertain his international friends at Kiel, and display to them the marvellous progress of his own child of the sea. Indeed, his fondness for boats and ships of every kind has been a marked trait of his character from youth onwards, and earned for him among his sailors another nickname among the many he has worn—that of "Gondola Billy."

He has been more than once attacked in the Reichstag for his pretensions to naval knowledge, one Socialist deputy going so far as to say:—

"The Kaiser is utterly unfit to command a naval manœuvre, never having passed any examination or test. He is merely an amateur sailor." However that may be, he has the true feeling for the sea and understanding of naval affairs, has been an enthusiast in yachting from an early age, and in that capacity has proved himself a practical and daring sailor.

The real test of the Navy which he has induced the German people to build at such a

sacrifice of effort and treasure is yet to be made, but the indications already given point to a display of daring and bold fighting that will justify, from the German point of view, the bold navy policy he pursued.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE KAISER AS WAR LORD

“Hurrah for the dry powder and the sharp sword.”

“The best word is a blow—the Army and the Navy are the pillars of the State.”

THE Kaiser occupies the same position to the German Army as he does to everything else in Germany. He is the real and authoritative head of it. He is assisted by an Imperial Staff and a War Cabinet, and there is also a War Minister. All these high appointments are made by the Kaiser himself, so that he is in very fact the War Lord he is represented to be. The actual command of the army is assigned to Prince Albert of Prussia, but that position, too, is a gift in the hands of the Kaiser.

The military organisation he controls is the most perfect the world has ever known. Prussia was the first modern country to adopt universal military service, the date being 1814, or exactly a hundred years ago; later on conscription became universal throughout Germany. The celebration of the hundredth an-

niversary of this epoch has taken place since the war began, the newspapers throughout Germany commenting upon it as the main factor in the progress of the nation. Those who have sought to draw distinctions between the military Prussians and the peaceful Bavarians and West Germans are referred to the files of the leading papers in those districts for a refutation of their arguments.

It is not possible at this date to state with any accuracy the number of men called to arms for the present war; but an estimate has been made that 6,000,000 were mobilised with inconceivable rapidity. In rapidity of action the German war machine stands unexampled. The plan for mobilisation is recast at varying intervals, never less frequently than twice a year, and the fact that all the Railways of Germany are the property of the state makes this rapid mobilisation easier.

A portion of the actual mobilisation was witnessed by Dr. Poutsma, who appears to have seen more than any other British subject in Germany at the time, his Dutch blood and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the Dominion of South Africa, probably procuring him this privilege. He has given an account



of what he saw that bears the imprint of truth on the face of it. The men walked into the mobilisation depôts with their personal belongings, and came out at the other gate fully equipped and uniformed soldiers; the railway service for the troops worked with miraculous certainty and perfection; and Germany was able to rush great armies over the borders of her enemies' territories before they could prepare anything like an adequate line of defence.

These things have to be recognised before we can estimate what civilisation owes to Belgium and the gallant defenders of Liège for checking a disaster that would have swept the French army back to the Pyrenees. The arrangements for this swift appeal to arms were made by the Imperial staff, and the value of the Kaiser's own great capacity for business organisation on the grand scale is apparent in the smoothness of its working.

The Kaiser, as we have seen, has also had a very severe training in practical soldiering, and esteems himself among the great generals of all time. It would indeed be strange if the qualities which make him an impassioned orator, and impel him to dabble with such zest in all the arts, permitted him also to excel in the

art of war. The evidence is clear to the contrary; this miracle has not happened.

There is, or was, a very blunt old German general named von Stülpnagel, who, in a fit of disgust after the annual army manœuvres, expressed himself very candidly on the subject of the Kaiser's command. It appears that the army commanded by the Kaiser himself had received an adverse verdict from the umpires of whom von Stülpnagel was one, and the Emperor had made no secret of his chagrin. The old general retorted that the Kaiser's idea of military operations consisted mainly in arranging dramatic cavalry charges, more in keeping with the conception of an elaborate military display arranged by Max Reinhardt than with the root principles of modern warfare. "Sheer military nonsense" was the verdict of this candid critic. This verdict throws a valuable sidelight on the Kaiser's instructions to his soldiers.

For my own part, I can vividly realise the Kaiser presiding at a council of war, where one hard-headed matter-of-fact old general after another details the perfect arrangements made for inflicting a swift and crushing blow. The point is made and insisted on, that there shall

be no humanitarian nonsense about the campaign when it starts. All opposition must be crushed in the very instant that any sign of it appears. Secret and elaborate arrangements have been made to that end.

At Krupp's have been cast, though the outside world knows it not, guns such as none else ever dreamed of, monstrous steel tubes that can hurl a shell of more than a ton weight for a distance of ten miles. In its huge parabola, this shell attains a height of more than half a mile, and strikes with all the impact given by gravity after descending from that height. The impact, and the rendering explosions it holds, crumble the solid rock to powder; no fort ever constructed can resist the disintegration.

The Zeppelins, housed all over the country, have an effective range of three hundred miles from their various bases; their crews are all skilled aeronauts, and the machines are furnished with huge bombs, which can be dropped from unassailable heights, to the utter destruction of all beneath. Bands of fire-soldiers have been organised, says another grim report, some with belts that are really petrol tanks fitted with a spray, so that in a few minutes a

whole village can be made inflammable. Others have incendiary bombs, and little tablets of compressed benzine to act as kindlers. All is ready for the work of laying waste by fire and sword, bomb and huge engines of destruction.

Better still, says another report, our trusty secret agents have done their work well. Our great siege guns need elaborate preparations for their effective use, and these are ready beforehand. At Namur, at Maubeuge, anywhere where forts exist on our line of march to conquest, patriotic men have quietly acquired sites for workshops, or any other plausible purpose that may suit the locality. There, in the greatest secrecy, the concrete beds to hold the huge siege guns have been laid and are now hardening; the ranges have been accurately measured. Namur cannot hold out twenty-four hours; the key to Maubeuge lies in our hands. The German patriots who have done these things have all been decorated with the Iron Cross. The grim old generals nod; "ja wohl"; all is prepared as a matter of course. That is the only way to make war.

But what effect have these plans on the quick imagination of the Kaiser? Images drawn from the Old Testament leap to his mind. "It

came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

“And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox and sheep and ass, with the edge of the sword.

“And they burnt the city with fire and all that was therein.” Was he not another Joshua, to whom Jehovah, the God of Battles, had given the power to make the walls of strong cities fall down flat? Even as the Canaanites of old, so must the enemies of God’s chosen people to-day perish, man and woman, young and old, by the edge of the sword and by fire. The Bible says so, and “The Bible is for me a spring whence I draw strength and light.”

The tales of the Huns occur to him; how they, like the modern Germans, were forced by the need for expanding territory South and West, led by the great Attila, after whom he had christened his second son Eitel. Attila gave and asked no quarters; he swept all before him. So in very fact should the Germans

of to-day wage their warfare, if it must needs be.

But first let the nations know what war really meant. No young wife, with husband and brothers far away in the trenches, ever imagined such vivid and true pictures of the horror of war as this War Lord. If they knew what was before them, these inferior races would make way, and give Germany her just share of the world. The decadent British, who waged war as they played games, with an eye on the rules and mercy in their hearts for the individuals among their enemies, they could never stand up against this torment of organised destruction. Surely they would give way, if they were warned in time.

The Kaiser knew, too, what never troubled the hard-headed old Prussian commanders one jot—that there would be an outcry from all civilisation when he let loose his great engine of torment. And by every word of warning, and by all show of ferocity, he strove to avert the evil day as far as he might. “Give peace in my time,” was the prayer of his inmost heart.

His responsibility was all the greater, and he accepted it as fully as any savage Viking of the pre-Christian era. As War Lord he de-

liberately descended to the level of the savage, and impressed on soldiers that they must do likewise:—

“When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Etzel (Attila), gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical traditions, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China that no Chinaman will ever again even dare to look askance at a German.”

That message, given to the expeditionary force for China in July, 1900, was blazoned forth to the world with the knowledge and approval of the Kaiser. The first part of it was circulated throughout Germany on postcards. Now the world was to receive an object lesson that would scare any power from ever wishing to encounter the mighty ruthless legions of the German Army.

In the case of England, he felt such an object lesson was certain of its effect. Soldiers who shrank from any appearance of inhumanity, even when encountering a stubborn and cunning enemy, would certainly flinch from grim

warfare of this kind. Besides, he had seen the British Army and knew that it was a negligible force. His estimate was that of Bernhardt.

“For a war in Continental Europe, we have only to take into account the regular army of 130,000 men stationed in England.

“England can only employ her regular army in a Continental war so long as all is quiet in the Colonies.”

“The Territorial army is 270,000 strong, and is destined exclusively for home defence. For a Continental European war it may be left out of account.”

“The self-governing Colonies have a militia which is sometimes only in process of formation. They can be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theatre of war.”

The comment on these cocksure generalisations is that within one month of the sudden outbreak of hostilities Great Britain had more than 130,000 men fighting on the Continent; that a month later there were highly efficient Territorial forces fighting with them, and that 70,000 native Indian troops were on their way to the front; and that in camp, or on the way to Europe, were quite 50,000 of the Colonial “militia,” soldiers endowed with a spirit and



initiative such as the vivid imagination of the Kaiser has not yet conceived.

The German Colonies, one by one, had fallen into the hands of the despised colonial "militia" without an effective blow being struck to preserve them. And in Great Britain, a new army of 500,000 volunteers, the very pick of British youth, was drilling with an enthusiasm and devotion unknown in the annals of war; while behind them yet 500,000 more were preparing to enlist, as soon as arrangements could be made for equipping and drilling them.

All the evil that is in the Kaiser comes out when those whose friendship he has sought, on his own terms, refuse to strike with him any discreditable bargain. His lifelong hatred of the Social Democrats of Germany, the insult he hurled at King Edward through his friend Lord Esher, the renunciation of his British uniforms and titles, are examples that have been given.

"Any one who resists me, him will I smash," he cried once in a fit of grandiloquence. In a similar passion of devilish resentment he decreed the utter annihilation of the British Army, as soon as he heard the incredible news that one had been landed in France.

“It is my Royal and Imperial command that you concentrate your energies, for the immediate present, upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill, and all your valour of my soldiers, to exterminate first the treacherous English and to walk over General French’s contemptible little Army.”—*Order given at Aix-la-Chapelle, August 19, 1914.*

If these are the orders given by the supreme head of the German army, there can be no cause for wonder that about the methods of its soldiers there have grown up legends of devilish inhumanity far outrunning the terrible reality. These stories of incredible tortures and mutilations are credited, because the wild orders of the Kaiser himself give them colour.

The grim record is damning enough. Civilian hostages shot by hundreds, villages pillaged and burned to the ground, whole cities sacked and set to the flames, ancient buildings and sacred cathedrals given to wanton destruction, mock surrender to cover treacherous acts; all these things have been proved against the troops of the Kaiser. The German War Lord, by his orders and his reasons given afterwards, has made himself personally responsible for them.

But the tales of senseless hideous mutilation are fables. They are still believed, although sufficient time has elapsed for the strongest proofs to have been accumulated of their truth, if they were true. No such proof has been obtained. It has been stated, for instance, that the German soldiers have cut off the hands of nurses, of doctors, of soldiers, of Belgian non-combatants. A whole army of photographers has been sent to obtain actual pictures of such outrages. They have shown us the sad remains of fallen Louvain, the shattered fabric of Rheims Cathedral, the ruined villages of Belgium; but not one photograph of these mutilated survivors of German devilment has ever been obtained.

The only reason is that such survivors do not exist. When M. Vandervelde, the Belgian socialist leader and a member of the Government, was in this country on his way to America, he told an assembly of responsible Englishmen a terrible tale of German inhumanity in Belgium, his account including some of these inhuman maimings. Questioned as to whether he himself had witnessed the outrages, or whether he had himself seen the victims, he replied with all frankness that he had not. He

based his statements on the word of reliable witnesses whose evidence had been taken by a highly constituted legal board.

These supreme barbarities are out of tune with the practical range of the German mind. They can only be held to have occurred when some convincing proof of the fact has been obtained.

But it is not the fault of the Kaiser if they have never taken place. "Extermination" and "no quarter" are ugly words, coming from the head of the State and army. If the ignorant soldiers had been as rabid and extreme as their Kaiser, there would by this time have been only too strong evidence of outrages that would shake the very foundation of civilisation.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE REAL KAISER

"How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground which did weaken the nations! . . .

"And thou shalt say: I will go up to the land of unwalled villages. I will go to them that are at rest, that dwell safely, all of them dwelling without walls and having neither bars nor gates.

"To take a spoil and to take a prey; to turn thine hand upon the desolate places that are now inhabited."—*Isaiah xiv.*

SOME of the many aspects of the Kaiser have been presented in detail; they still remain like the separated pieces of an intricate puzzle. The difficult task of putting them together must be attempted.

Two years ago we hailed him as the best product of his race, the head of a warrior nation whose desire to expand by sheer aggression he had kept in check for a quarter of a century. To-day he is simply the brigand chief, who has been craftily lying in ambush during the whole period of his life for the plunder of Europe. Such a conception may fit-

tingly be cherished of almost the whole of the German aristocracy, and of the bulk of the German people as well, whether Prussian or not. All Germany shares the same soul texture, which is nothing very fine.

But William is more than a German; he is half English; almost the best informed man of his day; widely travelled; a man of keen imagination and quick appreciation; a great organiser and an orator of marvellous power; a loving husband; an ardent patriot.

On the other side of the account must be placed his stupendous vanity; his passion for autocracy; the pre-Christian quality of his religion; his inherited cruelty; his total lack of scruple.

The task he set himself was impossible of achievement; the provision for the new nation he ruled of a place among the great Powers at least equal to the greatest and superior to all the rest. Germany had come upon the scene too late for that ambition to be realised, even by force of arms. The Kaiser's model power, Great Britain, had only attained the place he sought by patiently preserving through the centuries the stoutness of moral fibre that

resisted the process of decay undergone by other world-powers.

The Kaiser's presumptuous vanity led him to attempt the work of centuries in his own lifetime. He even hoped to accomplish the task without resort to arms, which his over-quick imagination caused him to dread. All the good in him that is represented by his loving fatherhood rose in protest against the shedding of streams of blood. His very vanity and his huge self-esteem made him picture himself as a despot indeed, but a benevolent despot.

He saw Germany's swift progress with a pride that fed his own inordinate conceit. He realised, as quickly as the most erudite of his professors, that the progress was a hothouse growth, and that the plant must be fed with fresh supplies from the stimulating source which gave it its original impetus. He sought for fresh worlds for Germany's peaceful occupation, but found them not; all the places in the sun were occupied.

He was closely in touch with the vast business interests of Germany, and there encountered a problem which may yet be made clear. Long-headed men in Germany have been saying

for some time past that the country was rapidly approaching an industrial crisis, and that the German financial system was so inextricably interlaced that all commercial Germany would be shattered by the coming storm. It may be so; if so, the Kaiser, with his £20,000,000 of invested capital, must have been aware of it.

In the markets of the world Germany was no longer having it all her own way. German methods had come to be recognised, and were being opposed on the same plane of action. South America, formerly the best of Germany's foreign customers, was passing through a period of depression. Brazil's staples of rubber and coffee had fallen almost below a profit-yielding price; Argentina had experienced bad seasons; Chile's mineral resources were approaching exhaustion. As the Kaiser's economic professors told him, the German problem was becoming acute.

The world outside was distinctly unsympathetic. Germany's wild campaign of ship-building had involved all the nations, and especially Great Britain, in heavy expenses they would gladly have been spared. All Europe was panting at the pace the Kaiser was set-



ting, but grimly determined to be in at the finish. England's plain intimation that she would always keep her lead in that direction was accepted as a very real fact, even by the dumbest German of Prussia. But it was accepted with a resentment that can only now be measured.

German resentment at Britain's attempt to limit her shipbuilding activities is intelligible enough; for a limit could only have been set by an act of unjustifiable aggression. But German resentment at Britain's building more warships than she would otherwise have needed was only one ridiculous symptom of the Anglophobia which possessed her.

Worse still for Germany, the Kaiser's frank expositions of German aims and ambitions had arrayed the Great Powers of Europe against German influence. The nature of the bond of the Powers was beyond the means of German diplomacy to fathom; it resisted all the efforts of the German secret service. How loose and indeterminate that bond really was has recently been revealed by Sir Edward Grey.

Its very looseness was a tribute paid by France and Russia to the National honour of Great Britain.

All these circumstances represented the complete failure of the Kaiser's scheme for making Germany a world-Power without recourse to arms. His trade scheme was collapsing, his colonial scheme had already failed, his great show of force had only provoked a greater show of armed force.

All the original problems remained for solution, and in an aggravated state.

Now, through all this time the clear vision of the Kaiser was obscured by a curious mist. We are hearing the continual argument raised by his professors that the sympathies of such countries as America should be with Germany in this great war, because Germany is the "culture nation." To Germans that seems a valid argument. To the Kaiser it began to present itself as an excuse for real aggression. His religious belief, his profound faith in the ultimate destiny of the German race, the vanity which made him sure that he was the chosen instrument for fulfilling that destiny, all pointed to the one conclusion.

Professors by the score were maintaining that all the worthy people in the world were only Germans of some kind or other, and Pan-Germanism was a faith that appealed to his spacious van-

ity. He looked back on the beginning of the German Empire, and found that by force of arms only could Bavaria, Baden and other states be forced into the Union. Sheer wanton aggression had been resorted to, and, as they now saw, for their own good. Such an argument could only convince a man of the most colossal vanity, whom circumstances had made anxious to accept it.

All the hideous processes by which this further Germanisation of the world was to be accomplished were patent to the Kaiser. His fellow-fanatics saw only the logic and efficiency of them, but his view was a wider one. He still shrank, when they were ready to strike; it needed all his monstrous conception of himself as a benevolent despot to bring him to the striking point. It further needed another stimulus, the threatened substitution of his son for himself, as the instrument in accomplishing Germany's destiny.

But the real poverty of the Kaiser's soul came out in the final test. France had accepted England's friendship with a blind faith in British honour. The Kaiser's men mocked at British honour; they were sure there was nothing in the bond to force England to budge;

it was against her interest to budge; therefore England would not budge.

There had been a time when the Kaiser knew better. He should have known better now. If he erred in his estimate of the position, the scales were soon torn from his eyes. He recognised quickly enough that Germany had forfeited by his supreme blunder any claim to the world's sympathy that the difficulties and misfortunes of the nation might have earned. Most Germans will not recognise it even on their dying day.

His failure leaves him base, coarse, still bombastic, and almost pitiful. He is no Napoleon, to justify his insane ambition to his own people by glorious deeds of arms. It will only be remembered of him in the near future that he made the name of German hated as no name has ever been hated before. His great schemes have already fallen in ruins about him, leaving him a tragic figure with hardly one shred of his aforetime dignity and nobility.

In no other guise, it would seem, the real Kaiser must end his existence.

THE END



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